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A DUEL OF WITS

VS. A DUEL WITH SWORDS

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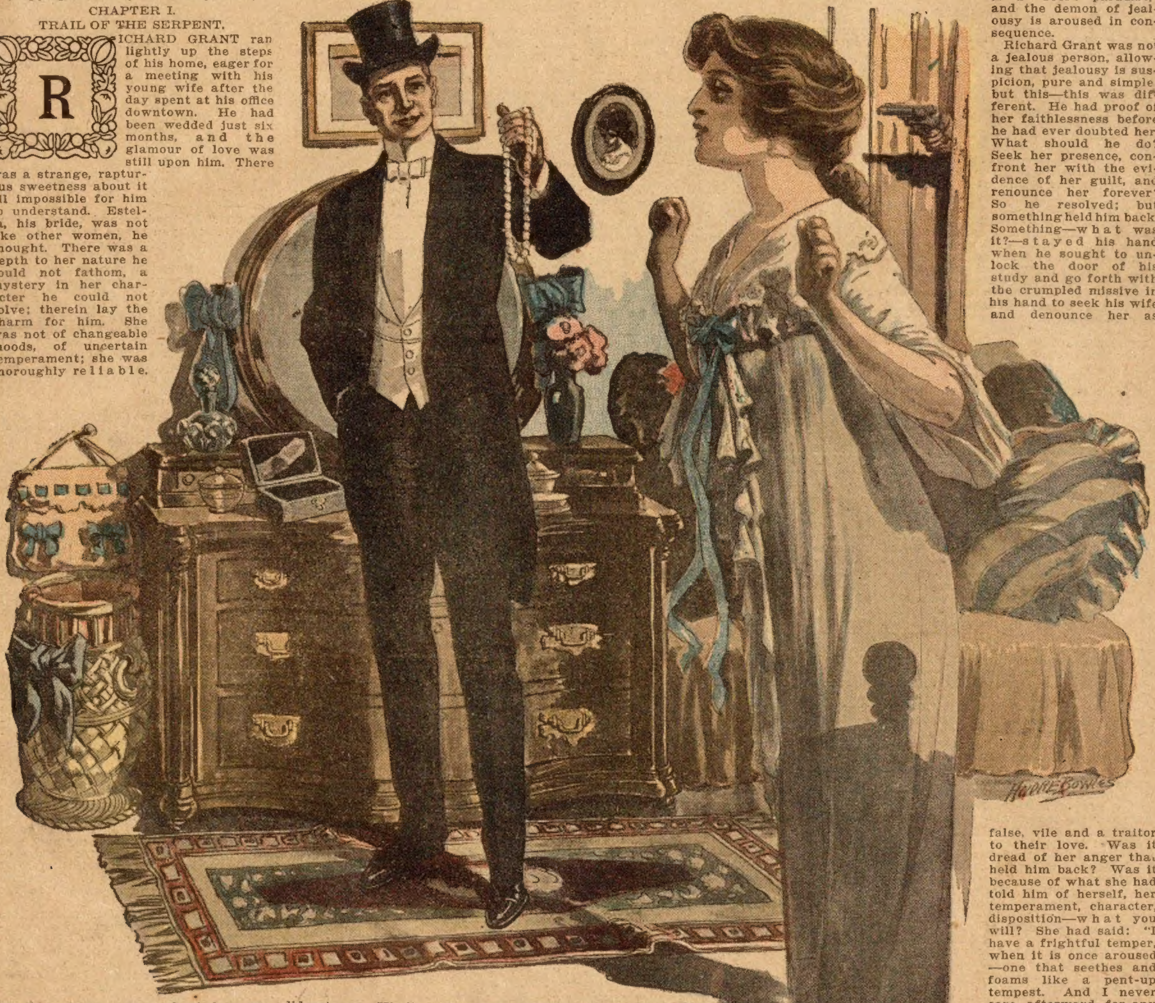
CHAPTER I.

TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

RICHARD GRANT ran lightly up the steps of his home, eager for a meeting with his young wife after the day spent at his office downtown. He had been wedded just six months, and the glamour of love was still upon him. There was a strange, rapturous sweetness about it all impossible for him to understand. Estella, his bride, was not like other women, he thought. There was a depth to her nature he could not fathom, a mystery in her character he could not solve; therein lay the charm for him. She was not of changeable moods, of uncertain temperament; she was thoroughly reliable.



Yet there was variety about her—unsuspected turns to her disposition which were, no doubt, responsible for the fact that no one, he least of all, ever tired of her society.

He paused as he reached the front door, his hand on the knob, and looked back to where something white lay on the lower step. It was a letter, and he had seen it there, when he passed, without giving it a thought. He turned and retraced his steps and picked it up. As he did so he gave a start of surprise. A serpent had entered his Eden, for here was evidence of its slimy trail across his happiness. His face blanched as he read the superscription, which was in his wife's handwriting, though the name of the one to whom it was addressed was strange to him.

He placed the letter in his pocket and went back up the steps; but this time he did not run. His limbs seemed weighted, and a nameless fear was tugging at his heart-strings.

He had come home earlier than usual, and as no one was awaiting him or seemed to be aware of his arrival, he went directly to his study without making his presence in the house known. Once in his own den, with the door locked, he inspected the letter again. It was addressed to John Carver, plainly an assumed name, and was dropped, it would seem, by that gentleman while leaving the house.

Richard Grant drew the single sheet of paper from the envelope, which was already open, and read the following:

"Dearest: Will meet you at our trysting-place at the usual hour tonight. Don't fail to be there, as I have something of importance to communicate, and a dozen kisses to give you. YOUR DARLING."

On examination he found the letter, a mere note, to be dated some days in the past. The meeting had already taken place. He crushed the missive in his hand. He was furious! He wasted no time in qualms of conscience over his act in reading the letter. Surely he had a right to know what his wife had written to another. But he cursed the fate that had thrown this evidence of her perfidy into his hands. A "fool's paradise" is as real to a man as a genuine one until he makes the discovery that it is a "fool's paradise," and the demon of jealousy is aroused in consequence.

Richard Grant was not a jealous person, allowing that jealousy is suspicion, pure and simple; but this—this was different. He had proof of her faithlessness before he had ever doubted her. What should he do? Seek her presence, confront her with the evidence of her guilt, and renounce her forever? So he resolved; but something held him back. Something—what was it?—stayed his hand when he sought to unlock the door of his study and go forth with the crumpled missive in his hand to seek his wife and denounce her as false, vile and a traitor to their love. Was it dread of her anger that held him back? Was it because of what she had told him of herself, her temperament, character, disposition—what you will? She had said: "I have a frightful temper, when it is once aroused—one that seethes and foams like a pent-up tempest. And I never care, afterward, for any one who has once angered me. If you should ever arouse that anger within me, I could never love you again, no matter how much I might wish that I could, no matter how hard I might try."

He had laughed at her words then; it seemed so improbable that he should ever seek to stir up the tempest she believed to be slumbering within her. He could not grasp at that time the full meaning of the words—could not realize that any one so gentle, so affectionate and agreeable could be possessed of a tempestuous nature. He was as skeptical concerning the truth of her words as ever; still he hesitated about going to her while anger against her possessed him.

He had come home with the vision of her awaiting him in the hall—she in her fair, witching loveliness, half the charm of which was her yielding sweetness. Her hair was of that golden-chestnut brown that harmonizes with the appealing fawnlike eyes which she possessed. Her firm, white flesh was tinted with a warm, glowing color; and her rich, red lips were suggestive of smiles. How could one believe she was other than what she seemed to be—charmingly angelic? So skeptical was he of the fierce temper she credited herself with, that he was often tempted to tease her, to try to agitate it into action, solely that he might have the pleasure of soothing away her pretended anger. But always some instinctive influence warned him against it. He was fearful of losing her love beyond restoration.

And now, here was proof that he had never possessed her love; or, if so, had already lost it. Then, since there was nothing to lose by it, why not confront her with the note in his hand, overwhelm her with his just wrath, and leave her presence before she could turn loose on him the vials of her indignation? Why not? But coward, as he believed himself to be, he listened to that inward warning, and remained locked in his study instead. He would wait and watch. There was no hurry—surely, he was strong enough to control his feelings. And he feared, though he was loath to admit it even to himself, that the end would come to all his hopes, his love, his happiness, if once they clashed—if once they said unkind words to each other. And so he waited and brooded while the dusk of evening approached.

He realized, while he sat there and waited, that he had arrived too early to find her waiting to meet him in the hall. She would doubtless have been there had he been less impatient to return to her.

As the usual hour of his home-coming drew near, he listened intently. Yes, she was tripping down the stairs, a song on her lips—a song of love and hope and heart-throbs. She was in a joyous mood, it was easy to discern as much. The thought angered him.

There was a period of waiting for both—on his part a suspense that was nearly unbearable. On hers—he could not tell. But evidently she was disappointed; for eventually she retraced her steps with lagging feet. And he knew that she went back to her boudoir slowly, reluctantly. Another period of waiting, then he heard the telephone ring, and guessed that she was at the instrument. Was she worried because he had not come? She would fail to get an answer at his office, and she would be worried, frightened, because he had not returned, when once she learned that the office was closed. But stay! she might be 'phoning to his rival—this "John Carver," whoever he might be. The hour of his own expected return was long since past now. Was she—his wife—watching for him—or the other?

And thus he created a hell for himself in his own bosom while he delayed making his presence in the house known. He sat for a long time, his face buried in his arms as they rested folded upon his desk, he did not know how long. He was aroused at last by the sound of the front door closing, then of tripping feet receding along the hall. He drew the curtain aside and looked out. A man was going down the front steps—a tall, handsome man of gentlemanly appearance.

"John Carver!" he muttered, "alias—what? I have seen that aristocratic figure before. But where?"

While he debated the question as to the identity of the visitor, the man passed down the walk and out of sight. Cursing himself for his stupidity in allowing him to escape without giving an account of his actions, Richard Grant summoned the maid, who appeared immediately, looking startled and confused. He did not notice her embarrassment, so intent was he on thoughts of his own affairs, and the message he was about to send his wife.

"Tell your mistress, Marie," he said, in tense tones, which he endeavored to keep nonchalant and steady, "that having returned late, and being overtired, I will retire at once."

"Mrs. Grant has already gone to her own room, sir," replied the girl, "but I will deliver your message."

And Marie hurried up the stairs in advance of the master of the house. She was disappearing through the door of his wife's apartment when he entered his own room across the hall. And now, for the first time, it occurred to him to wonder at the anxious expression on the girl's face.

CHAPTER II.

THE GENTLEMAN BURGLAR.

It was long past midnight when Estella Grant awoke from a restless slumber—restless because of the agitated state of her mind during the previous evening. Her eyes flew open suddenly, almost before she knew she was awake, and a shriek rose to her lips; but she seemed unable to utter a sound. Her dark eyes slowly filled with horror as she beheld, by the aid of the moonlight that flooded her apartment, the outlines of a man's figure standing before her dressing-table, on which was lying a magnificent string of pearls. The jewels were a wedding present from her husband. She had worn them during the evening, expecting to attend the opera should Richard return in time, and the maid had neglected to put them away.

Quick as a flash her mind took in the situation, and the next moment she was standing on the floor, her hand had sought and found the switch that controlled the electric current, and instantly the room was flooded with light. It was so quickly done that the burglar was dazed with surprise. He turned suddenly and saw the beautiful woman standing there in her daintily embroidered nightrobe, her glistening chestnut hair falling in rippling masses over her shoulder, and the sight held him spellbound. He had not counted on this; but the emergency must be met, and he quickly decided his course of action.

It was several seconds before the silence was broken. Stella's eyes were still wide and inquiring; but the look of horror had given place to one of recognition and surprise.

"You!" she gasped.

"At your service, madam."

There was sarcasm in his voice, and in his hand was the necklace of pearls. Suddenly an angry fire leaped to her heart, her eyes! A rage was seething within her that choked her utterance. Then it receded, as she regained control of her feelings, into a calm that was even more dangerous.

Slowly, and without the slightest sign of fear, she raised her hand and pointed to the necklace.

"Return it to the dressing-table," she said, "and at once!"

For an answer the man laughed shortly and placed the jewels in the pocket of his coat.

"Place the pearls where you found them," she insisted, "or I will ring for aid, and expose you to—you know whom."

Again he laughed silently. "Make one move, and I will throttle you!" he hissed.

She knew she could reach the electric bell and arouse the household before he could prevent it. He might strangle her, as he threatened, but he would be caught, as he must know. He could not escape. She remembered that Richard was sleeping—as was his habit when he returned late, so as not to disturb her—just across the corridor.

"You are doubtless capable of doing just that," she returned, "but it would be a bad move on your part. You would be caught before you could escape from the house. And," she added, gloatingly, "you would be electrocuted. It is almost worth dying for! But, because of"—she hesitated for the right word, and did not find it—"the past, I will let you escape, if you return the necklace at once!"

Then he acted upon the idea that had occurred to him the moment he saw that he was discovered.

"Very kind of you," he sneered, "but when you have heard me out I think you will be willing to part with your gems—in payment for my silence. It will be worth the price to you, I think. Listen!"

The smoldering fire in her eyes might have warned him that a demon of wrath was rising within her that was likely to break loose. If he noted the rising storm he did not heed it.

"As you may have guessed by this time, my name is not John Carver, as your trusting maid believes. I am known in society as James Northcote, another alias, for my own convenience and safety. In other words, I am a gentleman burglar. So well am I known and respected in society that no one will believe any charge you might make against me. I came for these pearls, the only article of real value in the house, I have learned. I have maneuvered for this chance, as you will understand when you remember how I obtained permission to enter the house, may I say as a—guest? And I mean to take them with me—as a present from you!"

"How dare you!"

It was all she could articulate for the intensity of her passion. She was astonished, mystified! At last she found her voice.

"Put them down instantly," she commanded, "or I will ring the bell and arouse the servants."

She stretched out her hand toward the electric button; it fell short, and to reach it she realized she would have to move so that she come more fully into view of the intruder. She was overcome with confusion at the predicament she was in, but she was not afraid. She was too angry to experience fear. She reiterated her command, also the accompanying threat.

"You dare not do it," he said. "I could throttle you before help came."

"Which would make matters worse for you, for you could not escape."

"You can't be sure of that!" He smiled sardonically. "I should trade with your husband—my secret for my life! Your secret, rather. To protect your good name he would allow me to escape." His evil eyes leered at her.

For a moment she caught no inkling of his meaning. Then she knew, and like a flash she darted toward him and before he was aware of her intention she struck him a stinging blow on the cheek. She had forgotten her ankles. She spoke no word, but her eyes flashed fire. She stood panting, her head thrown back, her hands clenched. One might imagine from her appearance that there was foam on her lips. As a matter of fact, there was blood upon them. She had bitten her nether lip till the blood came.

Into the dark eyes of the man leaped a revengeful light. He made a movement toward her. In imagination she felt his hands about her throat, but she did not scream; she did not even think of it. And she was not afraid; again her anger precluded all fear.

Suddenly John Carver straightened himself, his eyes fastened on the curtains at a point directly over her shoulder. He did not have time to make geometrical calculations, but he knew without definite thought that her shoulder was about on a level with his heart; or to be more explicit, a bullet fired over her shoulder would pierce the region of that organ.

His hands, the fingers of which were twitching to get at her throat, fell to his sides. But only for a moment; then his right hand sought the pocket in which he had deposited the necklace of pearls. His gaze came back to her face.

"If I am a burglar," he said, as graciously as he could under the circumstances, "I am still a gentleman. I could not be discourteous to a lady. I return you your pearls, madam."

He placed the necklace on the dresser, in the exact place he had found it. Then he said, smilingly, but with an air that showed he was ill at ease:

"I thought to take the pearls away with your permission. I hardly expected that you would dare to refuse me this little gift, as a mark of your—shall I say esteem, or love? The time may come when you will regret having treated me so badly, after—well, after what there has been between us!"

For the first time she understood his cue, and her passion overcame her reason.

"You overestimate your influence—your power, rather—over me!" she cried, and rushed to the bell. Her finger pressed the button before he could stay her; but he knew he was already caught like a rat in a trap; he must depend on his wits to get him out in any event.

It was not gallantry that caused him to restore the jewels, as he had led her to believe. He had seen the glint of a pistol barrel directed at him through the portieres. He could guess pretty accurately whose hand held the weapon leveled at his breast, and he also believed a false move on his part would be fatal. But why his enemy chose to conceal his presence from the woman he was there to protect was what puzzled him.

"I shall be forced to bid you good night, madam," the intruder said, as he moved toward the door, knowing well that the person behind the curtains took note of every word and movement. "Since I have lost your regard——"

He did not stay to finish the sentence—he dared not, for the shining barrel still protruded between the curtains. He had reached the door and darted out of it with the last word upon his lips. But his escape from the house was something yet to be accomplished.

In the lower hall a surprise awaited him—the pistol barrel he had fled from was still confronting him. And now he was face to face with the one who held it. The agility of his enemy had outdone his own, it seemed, as he had reached the door before him. He had not counted on that, and therefore his own weapon was in an inner pocket of his coat. He had never meant to use it except in an emergency, which he believed was not likely to arise. He thought his plans too well laid for that. And it was too late to try to defend himself now. He must depend upon his wits.

"Well?" he said, as nonchalantly as he could, "I supposed you wanted me to go. I obeyed your implied suggestion. I returned the pearls. What more do you want?"

"Satisfaction!"

"Ah! So you know all?" A sinister smile accompanied the insinuation. Then: "You might blow my brains out, if that will satisfy you. But you won't do it, on account of the publicity that might follow the affair. Your wife's good name——"

"Cut it!" Richard ground out between his teeth. "If you allude to that again, I will blow your brains out where you stand! A burglar shot while entering a house need not involve any woman's name. I know what you mean to insinuate; you need not be so afraid I will not understand. And I mean to kill you! But it shall be only in fair fight. I shall choose the weapons and appoint the place of meeting. If you fail to be on hand, I will expose you and your double life to your associates. I know you, James Northcote, alias John Carver, and the world shall know you as you are if you refuse me satisfaction."

"You dare not do it, Richard Grant! If you drag me down, a woman—you know whom—would fall with me. I defy you!"

"Not if I shoot you now," cried Grant, and his eyes flashed with a dangerous light. He handled the pistol in such a manner that "goose flesh" appeared on the villain before him, following a chill that crept up his spine. But he was obliged to brazen it out the best he could.

"Don't be too sure of that," he said; "there are tell-tale letters among my effects."

"Look here!" Richard cried, "we will get down to business, if you please. Listen!"

Then, after the arrangements were all made, the place and time of meeting agreed upon, and the weapons chosen, Mr. Grant said:

"The world is not big enough to hold us both. One of us must die! I intend that you shall be that one, for it is you who deserve it. You have gained admittance to this home like a crawling serpent, and you have left sin and destruction behind you like the serpent in that other Eden; and like his Satanic Majesty you gloat over the blight and ruin you have made. Now if you refuse to defend yourself I shall consider you a fit subject for assassination. I would shoot you in the back as readily as I would grind the head of a viper beneath my heel, and feel as little pity and remorse for one as for the other. The world is better off with men like you out of it. There are too many of your type already in the land."

"That is big talk," James Northcote said, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, "but I do not fear you. However, I shall meet you as you stipulate—and I shall kill you! It will be your own fault; you will have it so. I would keep silent and let the matter drop, if permitted to go unmolested."

Deliberately, but with a quick movement, Grant stepped forward and struck the speaker a stinging blow across the cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You cur! Are you willing to meet me now? If not, lay no further claim to being a gentleman—not even a gentleman burglar. Now go!"

Northcote's hand flew to his breast pocket; but the barrel of the pistol which had kept him in subjection thus far pressed his temple, and Grant's voice hissed in his ear, "Go!"

The only thing to do was to obey; at least, so it looked to the man in the present instance. For burglars are not brave men. They are merely foolhardy and venturesome sneak thieves. There was the venom of the serpent in the words he flung back as the door closed behind him.

"We shall meet again!"

THANKSGIVING

Ah, what a common day is this—
This season of the thankful heart—
For good we have and bad we miss
The strains from every hamlet start;
From gilded dome and steeple gray
The bells ring canticles of praise;
From garnered field and winding way
Each heart the thankful vow now pays.

The discord and the perfect song
In truest harmony ascend—
And tones all weak, or full and strong,
Meet on the way and softly blend
Until the wave of melody
Need never any higher go—
It echoes o'er the crystal sea!
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

CHAPTER III.

ESTELLA'S PLAN.

For a moment Estella Grant was dumfounded; then it slowly dawned on her what he meant to insinuate. He had been a caller at the house, and he would impeach her fair name if the secret of his midnight visit in the capacity of a burglar was revealed. She sat down helplessly upon the edge of the bed, vaguely wondering why the bell had brought no one to her room. Her husband must be sleeping soundly. Well, she would not awaken him, the danger was over—that is, if she remained silent. There was nothing to do now, except to keep silent.

She sat there for a while, her face buried in her hands, her elbows resting on her knees. She felt no excitement, only anger and a burning sense of humiliation. She had forgotten to wonder why no one came, when Marie, her maid, entered the room, wild-eyed, but with a look that proclaimed her knowledge of everything.

Estella looked up with a white, desperate face.

"Marie! what shall we do? I see you know all. What can be done to bring that man to justice without—oh, you know! You can see how my hands are tied." Then a new thought flashed into her mind. She started up and grasped the maid by the arm.

"Were you in this plot?" she cried. "Tell me the truth, I shall know it if you try to deceive me! Out with it, girl, and be quick! The suspense is unbearable!"

The maid straightened herself with a dignity that well became her. She was rather good-looking, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and she was able to realize in that moment how weak and foolish she had been.

"No, no! madam! I am not guilty!" she cried. "How could you think it? I was weak, you know how weak, and out of the kindness of your heart you helped me. But I am not wicked or ungrateful, and I will see that everything comes out right, if I have to confess my folly to Mr. Grant."

"Don't do it, Marie; it is your affair entirely. You owe him no explanation, and there is no need. He knows nothing of it all. Let it drop. I never dreamed the man was a villain."

"But Mr. Grant does know, that is the worst of it," confessed the girl, with a shudder. "I will tell you all: When I heard the bell I thought you wanted me—I was afraid you were ill. I dressed hastily and started to come to you. As I was about to pass the stairway, I stopped from sheer surprise and fright and leaned on the banister. Mr. Grant stood at the foot of the stairs, and at the door stood John—Mr. Carver—his hand on the knob. Your husband had a pistol in his hand, his face was set in hard lines, and they were arranging a duel—deciding on a place to meet and fight it out. A duel to the death, Mr. Grant said it was to be."

Estella sprang to her feet, her eyes were wild.

"Where! Where?" she gasped, but could say no more, for emotion choked her utterance. And she was still far from understanding.

"They will meet in a vacant flat at the end of the street. And they will gain admittance to the building with a skeleton key."

Mrs. Grant was wringing her hands and moaning.

"But why," she persisted, "why?"

"Your husband knows that John Carver has visited the house on several occasions, and they will settle it between them in secret to save bringing your name into publicity."

"What are you saying, Marie? What is it all about?"

"Your husband found a note on the steps, dropped there by this man, purposely, I do believe. And he thinks——" She paused frightened at the look on her mistress' face.

"And he dares! My husband dares to——"

She arose and stood dignified and resentful before the cowering maid. For Marie was afraid in that moment, afraid of she knew not what.

"Oh, madam!" she moaned. "If I had known what a villain he is!"

"Why, why does my husband waste time on a wretch like that? Why does he not let the matter drop? The jewels are safe, and the man would keep silent if allowed to go in peace." She turned and paced the floor, her brows contracted.

"I have not told you all," faltered the maid. "John Carver is not a chauffeur as he led me to believe. He is a business man and moves in the same class of society as other business men, Mr. Grant included. They have met before. He is known to your husband as James Northcote, though even that may not be his real name. But they are in the same station, only one is a fraud, and the other——"

"A fool!" snapped Estella.

"Oh, madam!"

"If not, why does he follow this up?"

"He is jealous, madam."

Like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky this information struck Estella Grant. She stared hard at the girl for a moment; her bosom was torn with the turbulence of her passion.

"That proves it!" she cried. "No one but a fool could be jealous of me! But listen, Marie, we must save him. This John Carver might kill him if they were allowed to meet in combat, and his death would lie at our door—yours and mine. You know what I mean! We must prevent this duel, you and I."

"I will do whatever you wish."

"We must set our wits to work, Marie. It must be a duel of wits versus a duel with swords, if possible. If not, then I have another plan.

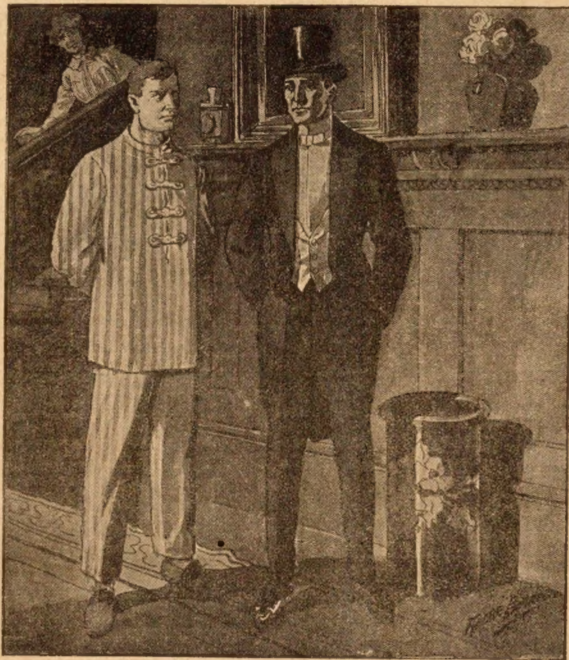
"But first you must find out the number of this vacant flat building, and also learn the day and hour appointed for the meeting."

"I have learned all that, madam; I listened on purpose. I thought you had a right to know—that we both ought to know. We are both concerned in it. And I memorized the details, that I might repeat them to you. The duel is to be fought with swords, that there may be no noise to betray them."

"Ah!" The word fell from the lips of the suspected wife in a tone of satisfaction, as if she had already resolved upon her course of action. She sat looking into space, and did not speak or glance up when Marie handed her a paper on which was written the street and number where the meeting was to take place. At last she rose to her feet.

"Go to bed now, Marie, and call me in the morning after Mr. Grant has left for his office. I cannot meet him yet—I should deliver such a lecture that he would flee to the wilderness. And—and I should never care for him again, after I had abused him." The last sentence was murmured inaudibly as the maid turned away.

"Well," as Marie paused on the threshold hesitatingly, "are you afraid to go back to sleep? There is no danger. A serpent is not apt to cross his own trail immediately after a narrow escape from danger."



"If you allude to that again I will blow your brains out."

Marie's face was still white and worried.

"If I might sleep on the couch in here," she suggested, anticipating permission before it was given by coming back to Mrs. Grant's side. "I am not afraid, but——"

"But you are nervous? Very well, sleep here if you like."

It was not that she was nervous; she did not fear the return of the burglar. And she would not be able to sleep anywhere after what had happened. But she thought it best not to leave her mistress alone. She scarcely knew why she felt thus; but she did not like the look on Mr. Grant's face as she saw it in the light of the hall. And she had just had her faith in mankind shattered. To her untutored mind—untutored in the intricacies of masculine character—all men were alike, and the one she had most esteemed had proved a villain of the sneaking order. Her employer might not be above wreaking vengeance on the wife whom he believed to be faithless; she could not tell. At any rate, she would remain with her.

Marie Walch was, because of her education and intelligence, above the position she occupied; however, she was in reality more companion than servant to Richard Grant's wife. And during the days that followed Estella had need of the ready wit and cooperation of the girl.

A few minutes after Marie had settled herself on the couch the room was once more in darkness and silence. Neither of the women slept much. One was trying to subdue the raging tempest in her soul, the other was blaming herself for the trouble that had so suddenly swooped down upon this peaceful household, and at the same time listening for a step outside the door.

"If Mr. Grant should come to demand an explanation," thought the maid, "and with that determined face, I must be here to protect the innocent. Murder might be done. Oh, how wild his eyes were! how they shone! Pray Heaven he may not come! He will be calmer in the morning. But if he requires an explanation, I must confess all." But despite her agitation she fell asleep at last, just as the dawn was breaking.

There was no word spoken between the two women in the morning when they awoke concerning the affair of the night before. But each was conscious of the other's efforts to ignore the subject. Mr. Grant had breakfasted early and departed, to the great relief of both.

If Estella had not understood Richard's reason for avoiding her presence she would have felt hurt and neglected. As it was, she hardly knew whether to feel grieved or angry. At any rate, she was glad they had not met.

"And now, Marie," she said, when the morning meal was over, and they had returned to her private room, "we must set our wits to work and circumvent the plans for the duel tomorrow night. Bring me a street costume, I am going down town."

Afterward, when Mrs. Grant stood ready to depart, Marie awaited further orders with inquiring eyes. But she was not to be taken fully into her mistress' confidence, it appeared; for that lady paused on the threshold and said:

"I may want your advice or your help later. Don't worry. I shall be able to balk them both. Oh, the idiots! I can scarcely hold my temper when I think of them. A duel in the twentieth century—and in secret, without seconds or physicians. And worst of all, a duel to the death! Think of it, Marie! I doubt if either of them ever handled a sword. But there must be no noise to betray them, so pistols, which neither could have had any practice with, either, must not be used. They will, if allowed to meet, manage to slash each other to pieces in short order. It requires scientific handling of the blades to prevent being wounded for any length of time. You know I took fencing lessons, before my marriage, and was most proficient—outdid my fencing master, in fact. If Richard had the knowledge or the art of handling swords that I have, I should not fear for him. Or if they had chosen pistols they could shoot all their ammunition away without hitting anything but the wall, except by accident, most likely. But they must not, they shall not meet, I have decided on that."

She closed the door behind her without waiting for any comment from Marie, though she almost saw words trembling upon her lips, and the click of her heels on the polished stairs had a determined ring.

"I am not to know my lady's plans, I see," the maid murmured beneath her breath. "I must keep my eyes open—I must watch. There may be some things I shall want to prevent as well as she."

If that proved to be the case, Marie Walch was not the woman to hesitate at anything. She owed it to the Grants to set matters right, she believed. Had it not been for her own folly in trusting a man who was almost a stranger to her, her infatuation for this "John Carver," together with the influence she wielded over her employer, who was more friend than mistress, all this trouble would never have overtaken them. And then, being of more than ordinary intelligence for one of her station in life, it began to dawn upon her what her mistress intended to do. It was only a thought that entered her mind the germ-thought around which she tried to build the solution to her suspicions. How Mrs. Grant expected to accomplish that which she had in mind, she could not figure out. The conviction that she was right in her supposition came to her like an inspiration. And now she was more frightened than before. She sprang to the door and wrenched it open in a twinkling. But what was she to do? She was but a servant in the house—she must not interfere.

"Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed. "How will it all end?"

Mechanically she seated herself, letting her head rest in her hands, trying to think. She recalled the explanation, which at that time seemed plausible enough, that John Carver had made to induce her to get the note written in her mistress' own handwriting, though at that time he had never met Mrs. Grant. She saw now how flimsy was the reason he had given. And she also divined his purpose—now when it was too late. He had wanted that apparent evidence of an intimacy with Richard Grant's wife that he might protect himself against exposure in case he was discovered while robbing the house. He had seen the pearls worn, and had doubtless expected to obtain other gems. Representing himself as one in her own station, he had sought acquaintance and paid court to her, inducing her to obtain permission for him to visit her at the house. And out of her own good will and indulgence Estella Grant had consented, not thinking the matter of enough importance to mention it to her husband during the few hours they spent together.

She, Marie, had gone one day with her right hand swathed in a bandage, complaining of a sprained thumb, and asked her mistress to write the note he had dictated, according to his instructions. She did not doubt that he had dropped it purposely where Mr. Grant would find it.

"Oh, what a villain he is!" she exclaimed, with a shudder of disgust. "And Mr. Grant is jealous—bitterly jealous! What can I do? What is to be done?"

It was true that Estella Grant had permitted Marie to introduce her supposed lover to her, and likewise to entertain him in the servants' sittingroom below stairs; but she was not aware that he had ever left the house by the front way.

After a time Marie raised her face from her hands and looked about with wild eyes. She was no nearer to a remedy than before. But the need of one was urgent. She feared murder might be done, for a burglar was hardly to be trusted to play fair, even though he claimed to be a gentleman except for his calling. But to report matters to the police without Mrs. Grant's permission was not to be thought of. It would not prevent the tragedy, either, only delay it. There was nothing to do but to await her mistress return.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this fine story. You will find it interesting to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Kindly Interest.

Katharine is two and a half years old. Her father came home one afternoon, after working three days and three nights at high pressure, with almost no sleep. He lay down with the feeling that he did not want to wake up for a week. Half an hour later, from the depths of his dreams, he heard a small, clear voice, "Father!"

The sleeper stirred, and turned his head on the pillow.

"Father! father!"

He stirred again, and moaned.

"Father! father!"

He struggled and resisted and floundered, and finally raised his eyelids like a man lifting heavy weights. He saw Katharine smiling divinely beside his couch.

"Father! father!"

"What is it, daughter?"

"Father, are you having a nice nap?"

* * *

Nothing to Live For.

Without question, the Scots curler of whom Lord Lyveden tells, placed the proper value on his sport.

During a recent curling-match in Switzerland, the skip of one of the teams, who happened to be a Scotsman, was so delighted with the accurate shot of one of his team, that he was heard to address him in the following manner: "Lie down and dee, mon; lie down and dee. Ye'll never lay a finer stane nor that if ye live to be a hundred."

Alice Clement, Detective

THE CLEW ON THE KEYS

By COURTNEY R. COOPER

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(Editor's Note—On the payroll of the municipal detective department of the city of Chicago appears the name of Alice Clement, sleuth. To the trackers of men who make their headquarters at the bureau at 179 North La Salle street, she is known as "Alice of the Smile." Fearless, resourceful, dangerous in a hundred simple little disguises which mask her, yet do not hinder her, she has found the evidence which has sent many a man and many a woman to the penitentiary. There is hardly a dangerous dive of the great city which she, in her twelve years of detective life, has not visited. More than once has her life been in danger, many times has she been compelled to use the dirk or the revolver that she carries for protection. And yet, through it all, she has remained pretty, vivacious, full of life and the love of living—and always deserving of her name, "Alice of the Smile." Too, she has always remained reticent, non-communicative about her adventures, until Mr. Cooper persuaded her to tell her adventures for the first time.)

I SUPPOSE," I had begun, "chance often plays a big part in the catching of criminals."

Miss Clement and I were chatting between acts at one of the theaters. She allowed her eyes to narrow a bit.

"Chance has a great deal to do with it, in a way," she answered. "There is many a time when chance will give you the lead to a criminal, but it takes the detective instinct to work the case up to where the man or woman may be caught. And it is not every one that will take advantage of the chance when it is offered. That is why there are so few really great detectives. Not every person can see the opportunity in a small chance. And then again," she added, "there are those who can."

"Including yourself," I supplemented.

"Well," she laughed, "I had no business in the case, and to tell the truth, I've never been credited with it over at headquarters. What's more, I don't care to be. When I know I've done my best, what's the difference? But here's the story.

"It was about four years ago, just before I went on the force as a regular detective. I had been taking a few assignments from the office, and on this particular night I was looking for an army deserter. I had the information that he was going to meet a girl in a parlor of one of the small hotels, and so I made up my mind that I would be waiting about the same time.

"Well, I went and waited. No one came. I wandered around the room for a while and finally sat down at the piano. I had just started to play when something on one of the keys caused me to stop. I looked closer. It was a tiny spot of blood. But that had no connection with my deserter, nor was there anything else to cause any excitement. So I went on with my playing, waited an hour or so for my deserter to show up, and then gave up the quest until I could get some new information. I was just leaving the hotel when I met one of the men from the central office.

"'What are you doing over here?' he asked. 'Working on the killing, too?'

"'What killing?' I asked. It was news to me.

"'Woman found dead up in her room here about six o'clock tonight. Skull fractured by a blow. Some chantey singer, or something like that, but we haven't been able to find out her name yet. Don't you know anything about it?'

"'No,' I answered, 'but I think I'm going to find out something mighty soon. I've got a little tip that may help you. What did you say her business was, cafe singer?'

"'Yes, one of those chantey girls that work around the country singing in chop suey cafes. What do you know?'

"'I know a whole lot,' I answered, 'and then I may not know anything. How long had the girl been dead?'

"'About two hours when she was found.'

"'That would make the killing about four o'clock. All right. Let's see some of the house managers.'

"The central office man followed me rather blankly when I went to seek the house managers. I did not tell him what I had seen. I asked that all the bellboys who had been on duty that afternoon be summoned. When they arrived, I began to ask questions.

"'Was the piano in the upper parlor played this afternoon?' I asked.

"One by one the bellboys thought it over. At last one answered in the affirmative.

"'What time was it?' I questioned.

"'About four o'clock.'

"'Did you see who was playing?'

"'No.'

"'Can you remember what it was that was being played?'

"For a good many moments the boy struggled with his memory. Then his lips puckered.

"'Can't name it,' he said, 'but I think I can whistle it.'

"'Go ahead.'

"He whistled a few bars then stopped.

"'That's all I know.'

"'That's enough.' I turned to go. 'I guess I've got about all that's gettable. Don't you think so?' I looked at the central office man.

"'I can't see that you've got anything,' he said. 'I can't see where piano playing's going to help us out any. Now stop that smiling and tell me what you've got up your sleeve.'

"I was smiling, too, because I had made up my mind to act mysterious with him. But at that, I had figured out a few facts in my mind."

"'I'll make a little bet,' I said, 'that the room wasn't robbed.'

"'You're right there, but how——'

"'I'll bet also that a man did the work.'

"'Why, he had to. A woman couldn't have struck the blow that he did.'

"'And I'll bet that he stayed in this hotel fully ten minutes after he had killed the girl. But we'll have to prove that later on. When you get him, you'll probably find him of a jealous, hysterical, emotional temperament. Want to make a few bets?'

"My central office man was staring at me with bulging eyes.

"'Say,' he asked, 'what are you trying to do, kid me?'

"'Not a bit of it. I'm just figuring out a few things.'

"'But you're not wise to all this stuff?'

"'I just said that I was figuring out a few things. A woman can sometimes do that, Jim. I'll tell you, for your own information, that the music the bellboy whistled was "Quand l' Amour est Mort."'

"'Whatever that is.'

"'It's French for "When Love Is Dead." Now are you beginning to see?'

"'Plain as mud.'

"I allowed myself to grow serious then. I knew that I was working on a mighty slim amount of evidence. That bloodstain might have come on the keys in a hundred different ways—and yet, there was that peculiar coincidence that the room was not robbed, making the motive for killing something besides greed; there was the fact that no doubt the killing was done by a man, and if it was done by him, the motive must have been vengeance of some kind, or jealousy. And so, in spite of my misgivings, I felt rather certain in my own heart that the man who had played the piano was the same one who had killed the girl. But with that, I had not progressed so very far, and I knew it. So I turned to the detective.

"'Jim,' I said, 'I've got a little hunch on this thing. It may be right, and then again it may all be wrong. I'm going out to look up a little angle. You go ahead and see what you can find out, and then we'll get together again later on.'

"It was still early, too early for the work that I wanted to do, and so I started to my house to attend to an important duty of the night, the tucking away in bed of my little kiddie, and giving her the good-night kiss. That's one thing I never can forget, my home life and the little kiddie there. It keeps me from risking many things that I might risk—and the keeping away from those risks has saved me more times than one. It's not best to be too foolhardy in this business.

"And so I went out home, stayed there and sang the little girl to sleep, and then I hurried downtown again. It was far after ten by this time and my work was about to begin.

"I had changed my dress. I had rouged my cheeks and blackened my eyebrows. My lips bore a coating of carmine. I was a burlesque 'queen,' in from a long run of 'tank towns' and taking a first good look at a big city after many months of absence. And, of course, I was traveling as fast as was possible.

"The loop district was my first stop. Cafe after cafe I entered, to linger a while, watch the crowds and listen to the music, and then take my cab again for another place. Gradually the loop district was worked. I started south, down toward the line of cafes which fringed Michigan avenue and lower State street. A moment or two I spent in each place, but finally there came one at which I lingered.

"The piano player was a different type from the ordinary men who worked in the orchestras. There was something about his eyes that bespoke a veritable craze for music. Tall, slender, yet strong, his body swayed with the rhythm of the melody he played, his head shook with the thumping of the keys, while his whole soul seemed entwined in the music he was pounding forth. Something within my brain snapped. I suddenly became nervous as I watched him. I felt that I was shaking with a sensation I could not fathom. There was something about that man which made me desire to seize him, to drag him from that piano, and force him to a police station. I guess there's a lot of intuition in me; I don't know. Just the same, I felt that the cabman outside would not have to carry me any farther. If my theory was any good at all, here was the person to try working it out on.

"'Waiter,' I called, and handed him a slip of paper, 'take this to the pianist, please.'

"The waiter obeyed. I watched the man at the instrument as he turned quickly and received the message from the negro. He gazed at the words I had written and started slightly. Then he raised his head, looked in my direction and smiled. I could see his lips move. It seemed that they said 'Certainly.' On the paper I had written 'Please play "Quand l' Amour est Mort."'

"He hesitated a moment as he turned to the piano again, and it seemed that there swept over him a feeling of revulsion. Then, almost by force, the hands were placed on the keys and the music began. For a moment it seemed ragged and untimely. Then, as the swing broke its way into his heart, everything changed. Pealing, almost thundering forth at times, plaintive, appealing, the notes trickling out like tiny brooks at the other moments, he brought from that tinpanny piano a harmony that was almost divine. The loud chatter and brazen laughter of the cafe ceased. Men and women turned in their chairs to listen and to watch the better. Half-drunken men leered silently; others who had gone farther into the cups that sometimes cheer and sometimes breed melancholy, began to weep on each other's shoulders and to apologize for all past misdeeds, real and fancied. Bar after bar, on went the music. Stronger, then weaker, rising and falling, the piece was played. It seemed that the pianist had lost every bit of knowledge of the world around him. He was now buried within himself, in a sphere apart. I looked at his face. It was lined and furrowed. The eyes had in them the appearance of intense suffering. I believed that I saw a tear drop to the keys. Silently, I rose from my table and left the cafe.

"It was nearly midnight when I found my man from the central office. He had learned nothing new. Clews there were, of course, but those already investigated had turned forth nothing. He told his story and then looked questioningly at me.

"'What do you know?' he asked.

"'I know our man, Jim. I feel sure of it,' I answered; 'but he's a queer one, just as I said. And I think there's only one way to make him own up. You can't start his passions much otherwise. Now, will you fix things?'

"He looked at me blankly a moment, then moved away. In ten minutes he was back.

"'I've got it all fixed. Now, what do we do?'

"'I'll have to give some instructions first,' I said. 'I'm afraid that we're going to have to act a bit theatrical. That room up there where the girl was found dead has not been changed much has it?'

"'The body has been taken away.'

"'I know that, but not otherwise?'

"'No. Why?'

"'See if the room next to it is vacant. And find out if there is a connecting door.'

"'I know that already.' The detective grinned. 'And you can bet that all the rooms around it are vacant. What do you want?'

"'I want a piano moved into the room where the murder occurred, and I want some one who will be brave enough to stay in there and play it. Can you get him?'

"His eyes bulged again.

"'What are you trying to——'

"'Make the arrest. Come on.'

"On the way I explained things, and in an hour he had our musician in the room adjoining the one in which the murder had been committed. We had taken him into the hotel in a manner that left him in the dark as to exactly where he was going. It was plain that he did not recognize the surroundings. The door to the girl's room was closed. Jim began on him.

"'Now, my friend, what's your name?'

"'Thomas Withers.'

"That, of course," explained Miss Clement, "wasn't his name. One thing I do not like to do is to tell the real name of a man whose case has been through my hands. Of course, he can't be hurt, but there are others who have remained behind whom it can injure, and so"—she studied the face of a woman in a nearby box and went on—"well, I just don't like to do it.

"Jim continued:

"'They say at the cafe that you came to this city from Pittsburgh. Is that true?'

"'Yes, but I don't see why you are questioning me, or why you have brought me here. If you've got any charge to make against me, why don't you take me to a police station. I——'

"'That'll be about enough of that,' Jim interrupted. 'You'll see the inside of a station soon enough. Now, where's that girl that came here with you?'

"Withers whirled. Then his face set.

"'There wasn't any girl,' he snapped.

"'Wasn't there? Are you sure about that? You came here with her, then you told her that you didn't care for her any more and that she could go. Isn't that the truth?'

"Withers did not answer.

"'You told her that you were fond of another and that she could get out of the way. Answer me!'

"Still no response came from the man before us. Jim fidgeted in his chair.

"'You're going to talk before I get through with you,' he threatened, 'and you might as well make up your mind to that right now. What was that girl's name?'

"'There wasn't any girl.'

"'You've said that before. Now I want something different. What was that girl's name?'

"'There——'

"'Don't start that again. You know there was a girl and that you quit loving her, and that she balked on the game. She knew something on you, didn't she?' Withers seemed to shift in his chair a bit. 'She knew something on you, and she was going to tell the other woman about it. Isn't that the truth; isn't it?'

"Withers looked at Jim with dull eyes. His hands clasped and unclasped nervously. He ran his tongue about on his dry lips. He raised his head as if he were choking. But he gave forth no sound. Jim's face grew red.

"'You're going to tell me the truth,' he bellowed. 'And you're going to do it right now. Now, you answer my questions!'

"Withers again looked at the detective and then looked at me.

"'What do you want to know?' he asked at last, rather sullenly. 'Ask me something I can tell you about and I'll talk to you. I don't know anything about this business you're going so wild about. There isn't any girl, and suppose there was, what of it?'

"'You've killed her, that's all,' answered Jim.

"Withers started in his chair. His eyes grew a bit furious, then calmed.

"'You are mistaken,' he said, slowly.

"I motioned to Jim and he reached gently down by the side of his chair, pulled a cord that had been laid along the floor and into the next room. Then he turned, allowed the scowl to fade from his face, and sat smiling at the prisoner.

"For a moment there was silence, and then, from a distance, there began to drift the tones of a plaintive melody. Slowly it began, and softly. Gradually the tones grew in strength and seemed to float into the silent room from a hundred sources at once. I saw Withers look up, I saw him gaze about him in astonishment. Then his head dropped.

"Gradually, ever and ever more intense, the music grew. Withers edged forward a bit in his chair and folded his arms. I could see that his head waved a trifle with the action of the music. His face grew saddened.

"'"Quand l'Amour est Mort",' he mused.

"'An echo,' said Jim, 'of the same piece you played in the parlor of the hotel this afternoon.'

"Withers turned sharply.

"'I don't——' he began.

"'Oh, yes you do,' Jim returned, and the smile still rested on his face. Then again he lapsed into silence, while he and I watched the man before us.

"The music was growing more passionate, more pleading, even more melancholy. Once it was played through, then again. Withers rocked in his seat. I could see that the tears were beginning to start from his eyes. I could see, too, that here was a music maniac, that his whole being, just as I had judged, was ruled by music, and by one bit in particular. At last he rose and began to pace about the room. He patted his hands nervously. His shoulders rocked.

"'Who's playing that?' he asked, as he stopped nervously for a second.

"'The girl you killed, probably,' answered Jim, with a smile.

"A toss of the head, an angry glint out of his eyes, and Withers had turned to his pacing again. Still the full-toned notes were hurrying into the room, flooding it, filling it with their eloquence. More and more they were having their effect on Withers. His eyes were growing wild. The nervousness was becoming more and more marked.

"'Who's playing that?' he asked again in an agitated voice. 'Who's playing that?'

"'I told you,' said Jim. 'Open that door.'

"Almost with a rush, Withers went to

the door that led into the next room. Hurriedly he threw it open and started to rush within. Then he recoiled. He staggered. His hands went before his eyes and he reeled backward. Only the bare room was before him, bare except for the evidences of the struggle of the afternoon, of the evidences of death. The piano was not to be seen.

"'You——' he screamed. 'You——'

"Jim leaped to his feet and seized him. "'Now will you confess,' he urged. 'Now will you say that you did it? What was her name? What was her name? Answer me; answer me!'

"Slowly the head bent downward. The shoulders shook, it seemed with sobs.

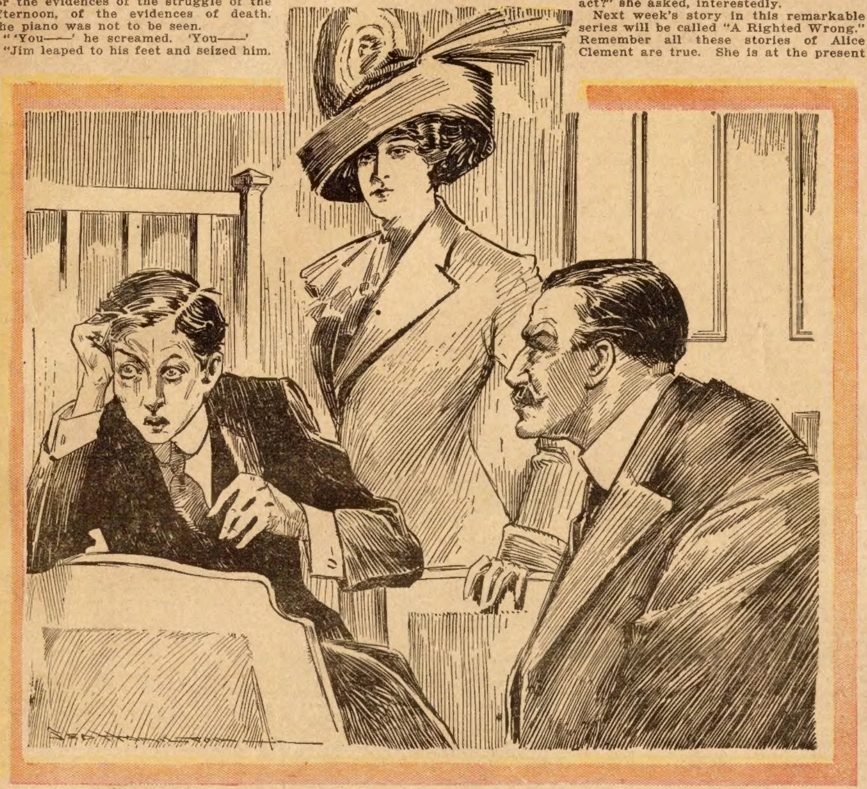
"Heloise,' came the broken answer. 'Yes—I did it—but I did love her—it was because of that—she had decided to quit me, and I—I——' He burst forth into wild sobbing.

"And that," concluded Miss Clement, "is about all there is to the story. You see, we had taken the precaution to have the piano put into a deep closet in the room. Somewhat ghostly, I'll admit, but it worked well."

She turned the pages of her program.

"What are the good songs in the next act?" she asked, interestedly.

Next week's story in this remarkable series will be called "A Righted Wrong." Remember all these stories of Alice Clement are true. She is at the present time one of the most daring and successful members of the Chicago municipal detective force. Don't miss any of her achievements.



The tears were beginning to start from his eyes.

THANKSGIVING LOGIC.

I'm allus ten years younger, wife, aroun' Thanksgivin' day!
Somehow or nuther, all my life it's happened jest that way!
I git run down an' old an' bent when hayin' time is on,
But 'round Thanksgivin' thar's a vent an' that old age is gone.

It makes me spry an' happy 'cause I'm thinkin' of ther way
Ther youngsters an' ther paws an' maws will eat Thanksgivin' Day.
We'll fill 'em up on pumpkin pies an' roasted pig an' all—
Ther babies, Heaven bless ther eyes, won't need no more this fall!

An' you an' me will set an' smile—that's good fer old folks, wife,
Partickly ef they've cried a while at sorrers met in life.
An' we've had sorrer plenty, dear, but that's no matter now—
With children home an' lots of cheer, we'll have more grace ter bow.

'Twarn't no one's fault but ourn, dear wife—ther care we have, I mean;
But young folks startin' out in life can't see behind ther scene.
We done ther best we knowed ter win, so let's put that away,
An' jest git young an' gay ag'in ter greet Thanksgivin' Day!

* * *

Thanksgiving Delights.

It seems to be generally believed that the annual holiday known throughout New England as Thanksgiving is a season for the returning of special thanks for bountiful crops, health, freedom from plagues, and sicknesses, fires and floods, and casualties in general; but our experience of it shows us that the most of the returning thanks is done in the pulpits; and if, as it often chances, the minister's salary has not been paid, the thanks aforesaid are liable to be somewhat lukewarm. For the man who can devoutly return thanks for what he has not received, and never expects to get, must have more than the average amount of grace and faith in things unseen.

At Thanksgiving time it seems as if every one lays himself out to eat all that he possibly can. The average New Englander braces himself up, draws a long breath to give his stomach time to expand, and tells himself that Thanksgiving comes but once a year, and one wants to have a good time.

It is strange how much eating has to do with having a good time, if we may judge by the fuss there is made to have a variety of things to eat. It would seem, sometimes, that the sole end and aim of man was to eat.

Thanksgiving is the time when the culinary forces of every household are in full sway. Cook books are the literature mostly studied. Fancy work and crazy quilts, and painting on plates, and coal hods, and antiquated bean pots, and jugs of obsolete patterns, are all laid aside, and the female members of the household bend every energy to stirring butter, and sugar, and eggs, and raisins, and spices into compounds that would cause the gizzard of an ostrich to collapse.

From the poultry yard of the farmer come the ominous wails of the turkey gobbler and the fat rooster, as they are borne off to the destination of all worthy gobblers and roosters, the chopping block, whence they are taken in due time, and with great triumph, to the china platters which make the centerpieces on the dinner tables of the bloated bondholder and the railway king.

Thanksgiving Day is the one cheerful thing we get in November. All the rest of the month is filled up with fog, storms, mud, dead leaves, forsaken-looking crows, bad colds, rheumatism, poor relations, setting up stoves, cries of hard times, and other signals of approaching cold weather.

We all look forward to Thanksgiving.

Tom is coming home from the city, where he has made his fortune and married a fine lady for a wife; and she is coming with him, and the old farmhouse among the hills must be furbished up to appear well in the cultivated eyes of Mrs. Tom. Sister Sally and her children will be here, seven of 'em, and it is strange that poor folks will have so many children! And Uncle Ben is coming to stay a few days, and Uncle Ben is worth cultivating, when one takes into consideration the fact that he has half a million, and not a chick nor a child to leave it to. Oh, yes, there is no fear that Uncle Ben will not be made welcome, anywhere. And he will reward the kindness of his relations, by and by, by leaving his money to found an asylum for homeless dogs, and all his friends will try to prove that there is insanity in the family, and that Uncle Ben was a victim of it.

Thanksgiving Day ought to be clear and cold, and to enjoy it in perfection one ought to be young and good-looking, with a digestion equal to cast-iron hammer heads and board nails, and then he can sail in, and take the consequences.

* * *

Bounty.

Richness and fullness are the keynotes of the Thanksgiving feeling.

To express this feeling at the Thanksgiving dinner nothing is better than a cornucopia or horn of fruitfulness and abundance, always used by the Greeks and Romans as the symbol of plenty. It should be overflowing with fruits and flowers, which overflow upon the table. It may be made of wire at a florist's for about a dollar and covered with vines or leaves or tissue paper. Or it may be covered with nougat or white candy, and in that case would be filled with candy fruit, candy oranges, and grapes, marrows and other nuts.

A pumpkin in the middle of the table is another favorite centerpiece and can look most attractive if scooped and filled with all the fruits of the season well combined as to color, the grapes drooping gracefully over the sides, and a few lying on the table.

Gold and red and brown chrysanthemums are handsome in a pumpkin.

If the dinner be given at night the candle shades may be homemade out of ordinary paper and trimmed with flowers and vines, or they may be made of wall paper and trimmed with a gilt band.

If neither candles nor table lamps are possible, either bring the chandelier down over the table so that its softly shaded light may be evenly distributed or hang a lamp in the same way from the ceiling.

* * *

Truly in Earnest.

Sweet Girl—"And do you really love me?"

Handsome Drummer—"With my whole soul."

Sweet Girl (doubtfully)—"How am I to know that you are telling the truth?"

Handsome Drummer (earnestly)—"I am not selling goods now."

The Working Man's Friend In Time of Sickness.

I am a blacksmith by trade and would like to say a word to all who have to work hard and suffer with their kidneys. I suffered for about ten years and was treated by a Waynesboro, Va. Doctor. He said that I had Bright's Disease and that he had done all he could for me. I read about Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and as I could hardly do a day's work, was willing to try anything that would do me any good. After taking Swamp-Root a few days I felt so much better that I continued until I felt that I was cured and I was altogether a new man. That was eight years ago and if I ever feel the least pain about my kidneys I just take a few doses of Swamp-Root and in a few days I am all right. I feel to-day that I am a well man and would say to all who suffer with their kidneys, take Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, for it has done more for me than all the doctors, and saved doctors' bills.

I can further say that about two years ago my son was sick in bed and was taking medicine from doctors and got worse all the time. I went in the night and got a fifty-cent bottle of Swamp-Root and told him to lay aside all the doctors' medicines and take Swamp-Root. He took six bottles and I am glad to say that he is well to-day and has not had any trouble with his kidneys since. It was Swamp-Root that cured him. My son now thinks that there is no medicine that a doctor can give that can compare with Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

Very truly yours,
G. W. HARDING,
Covington, Va.

Personally appeared before me this 8th day of March, 1912, G. W. Harding, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that same is true in substance and in fact.

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THE CAPTIVE GODDESS

Or, THE FAR NORTH GUARD :=: By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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CHAPTER IV.

MEN WHO SKULK.

FERDINAND GAREAU was not one to lose his wits in an emergency. He had an eye for every quarter, though chiefly for the water, but he saw nothing. No moving shape invited attention, and no foe attacked. In vain he questioned the brook with piercing glances, for it was peaceful and still. He soon remembered the danger.

"Down!" he spoke in low tones. "Wait, watch!"

The voyageurs dropped as one man and silence fell on the scene. Trouble was coveted by the boatmen rather than dreaded, but the minutes passed uneventfully. Then the captain gave an order to Martin Derg, who went on a scout so skillfully that he seemed to writhe away rather than walk. Then Gareau had a new thought and turned to the tent, but after a few words with Life Hand he returned satisfied. The Goddess had not been secretly taken away.

Ferdinand now ventured more of talk and questioned his men, but all said they had been asleep when the alarm occurred. He explained that, when he first lay down, he had passed cords from bow to stern of the boat and thence to his own wrist. Something had collided with one of the cords, twitching it and awakening him.

"The something was a man!" he added, grimly. "I saw him in the brook and fired at him, but I'm afraid I missed."

Presently Martin returned with the report that he had seen nobody, but Gareau, dissatisfied, sent him again, accompanied by Grout, to make a more extended search. Some of the men advanced the suggestion that the intruder had been no more than a thief, but Gareau was skeptical, and David Reith, though he said nothing, held the same belief. There was something about their party to attract the attention of others than thieves, and he believed it had been attracted. The second scout developed no more than the first, and when Derg and Grout returned, all but the captain returned to their blankets. He remained up to watch.

In the morning footsteps of men were found, with evidence that one of their number had lowered himself into the water. From there he had walked in the stream, only his head above the surface, but when he reached the boat the cunningly devised cord protection had checked his work.

After a careful examination Gareau took Pau and David and led the way a distance up the Red River to where they could scan its waters. Results were not speedy, but after a while the captain, himself, found what he feared. Farther up the river a boat was drawn into the cover of bushes by the bank that failed to hide it wholly.

"At least two men in it!" he growled, gazing keenly. "It is not an inland boat, which probably means that it is worse. They sit like wolves and wait for prey."

Blackly he scowled, but suddenly broke into light, soft laughter.

"We will fool them neatly!" he added, "Our brook is more than a brook, for it is really a narrow loop with both ends connecting with the Red. Voila! we will not row down the brook to be seen by those who wait, but up—up, lads, up! That will take us to the main Red again, and beyond where the enemy can see. Back to camp!"

They returned and were soon rowing again. The minor waterway did not disappoint them, and they finally reached the Red without mishap. The distance to the lake was but short, and the river was soon left in the rear. Then, lacking a breeze suitable for the use of the sail, they rowed briskly along their course.

Ferdinand's brow was beginning to lose its scowl and his air of uneasiness to disappear, but they were to have another alarm as an earnest of the tenacity of their mysterious followers. From the mouth of the river a boat emerged with a crew all men, though distance made their numbers uncertain.

The captain muttered something he would not have had the Goddess overhear, for his rage was great, and then took heed to strategy. Near at hand was a small, wooded island, and he ordered his men to get the benefit of its cover and then row as if for life. When the spurt was relaxed the other boat was not to be seen.

Nobody was more interested in this stubborn pursuit than David Reith. What did it mean? The men of the great silent lands were not all alike, and a few mere vagabonds found time for ill-considered humor and loved to prey upon their kind and to annoy them with frivolous acts, but he did not so class the strangers.

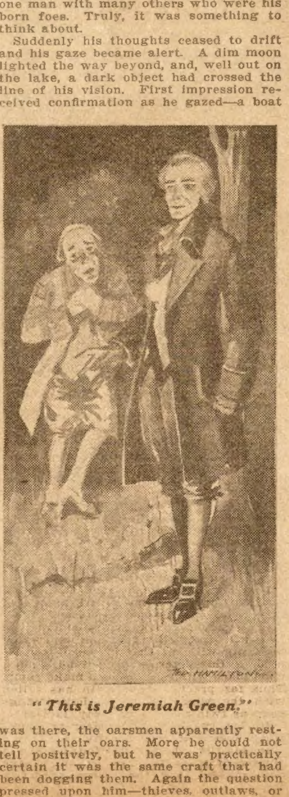
In a way, it did not personally concern David. Being a secret agent for the Hudson Bay Company, few men knew just what he was, and he could not tell anything, even a friendly crew of boatmen, as that would be to lose his role of secrecy. Perhaps the pursuers were as loyal to the H. B. C. as himself, but nevertheless, he must play a lone hand, with no man in the neighboring fur-land he could call his friend. As for his present companions, if they learned what he was they would shoot him as they would a wolf. It was the penalty of being a spy.

The night camp was made on the Isle of Peace, and Gareau, apparently encouraged by the outlook, no longer wore so dark a cloud upon his brow. Something like levity prevailed around the campfire, with the Goddess doing her part. She did it with rare skill that charmed David. Giving occasional words to the men, but mostly confining herself to the captain, she smiled, laughed and talked, though always with the happy faculty of keeping a barrier between herself and her companions that made it clear she was not to be treated with undue familiarity. A rare tactician was the Goddess.

She puzzled Reith. Her complexion, her semi-golden hair, her eyes and general appearance indicated Scotch blood, yet she spoke French without a flaw, and she was with French companions. The mystery of her was profound. She was the central figure in a strange drama. But why? How could she be a factor in the mighty struggle of the rival fur-companies for the trade of Rupert's Land? Not yet had David heard her name. Gareau called her "mademoiselle," and nothing more.

Presently Reith walked from the camp to the south side of the island, where he stood gazing out on the lake, meditating. What was ahead of the party? What would he see and learn? What could he do? The last question was vital, for the land of wide reaches, of solitude and silence, was arrived at, and he was one man with many others who were his born foes. Truly, it was something to think about.

Suddenly his thoughts ceased to drift and his gaze became alert. A dim moon lighted the way beyond, and, well out on the lake, a dark object had crossed the line of his vision. First impression received confirmation as he gazed—a boat was there, the oarsmen apparently resting on their oars. More he could not tell positively, but he was practically certain it was the same craft that had been dogging them. Again the question pressed upon him—thieves, outlaws, or trade rivals? There could be no answer then, and, a few minutes later, the mysterious craft resumed its way, and finally disappeared down the lake.



"This is Jeremiah Green."

David was about to turn back, when voices sounded behind him. Noticing that only one was masculine he obeyed new promptings and stood still, hidden by bushes, and, he hoped, secure in the gloom. Talking easily, the Goddess and Gareau advanced to the shore.

"The lake is calm and beautiful," said the girl.

"'Tis the way of it, at times," the captain replied. "Winnipeg is a fair steed when well used, but let the wind lash its back, and it leaps like a mettlesome charger. Twice have I made wreck on this uncertain sheet of water."

"Were I a man I would be a voyageur," the Goddess declared.

"The calling is humble. I may say, mademoiselle, that I am out of place in the wild places. Not to boast, but as history, I am of a fine French family"—he spoke the falsehood glibly—"and royal blood has its part in my veins. But for a false start in early youth I should now be at the French King's court. Instead—pray mark the irony of fate—I am a captain in Rupert's Land, and sit in a boat of less than four tons."

"Why lament?" she asked lightly. "Remember that France is small, and the fur-land a vast territory."

"Ah! yes, but it seems the proper sphere for men of humble blood to row or steer boats, to run rapids, breast rapids, portage around rapids—but why repine? I am what I am!"

"Think of the vast stake!" the Goddess exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "You toil for the Hudson Bay Company!"

"True," Gareau agreed. "I do, I do."

David Reith, listening, started. Strange words had come to his ears.

"Courts and Kings may be all well enough," she pursued, "but the fur-land, thrilling with life and energy, the wide extent of mountain, plain, rivers and lakes, the home of brave men and fur-bearing animals—'tis the mighty region that gives kings wherewith to wear."

"All this is true," Gareau admitted.

"Look at the history of Hudson Bay Company," the Goddess resumed, swiftly. "It is gray with age, and yet full of undying youth. Monsieur, I love the H. B. C.!"

"Well said, mademoiselle. I, too, know just how noble it is."

"And"—here she grew suddenly irritable—"to think that the Northwest Company dares compete! Who gave them a charter? They have none."

"And," returned Gareau, laughing loudly, "just think how feeble their argument is! The Northwesters say: Here is a mighty land with room for more than one company. Why should the Hudson Bay people have it all? The land is wide enough for two. Why should we not share? By such childish arguments, mademoiselle, they seek to excuse themselves."

"How can they excuse theft? How excuse the murders they have done along Red River?"

"Well asked, mademoiselle! Yet they say—how unjust they are!—that the H. B. C. men have murdered too."

"The H. B. C. seeks only to hold its own. It has a legal charter to trap and trade here, and their rivals have none."

"The terrible Northwesters!" sighed the captain.

"Intruders all, and where the legal company has all just rights."

"I can imagine exactly how you feel," said Gareau, in his softest tones, "and imagine what your emotions will be when you reach the end of your journey with us."

"My heart will be light."

"I can imagine just how light it will be."

David Reith scowled darkly. He saw, as the Goddess could not see, that there was a hidden meaning in the captain's words, black and ugly meaning.

"One thing is past your power of imagination, monsieur," she continued. "You cannot surmise what it was for me to leave home and friends and undertake this long, bitter journey through the wilds. At first I was stunned. I vowed I would not go, I shrank from it with terror; I was appalled. But I took second thought. The grand old Company was in danger. For the H. B. C. I sank all thoughts of self. For the H. B. C. I left home, friends, comfort, everything, and plunged into the wilderness, with its desolation, loneliness, hardships and peril. Why? Why? For the Company I loved!"

David Reith drew a deep, quivering breath. Obscure as the main facts were, he had learned enough to fill him with consternation, for there was but one way to interpret what he had heard.

Mistakenly believing she was acting where her sympathies lay, the unfortunate girl had placed herself in the presence and power of those who bitterly hated the cause she loved. Time might come when the lion and the lamb would lie down together, but when Hudson Bay

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man and Northwester slept near each other in peace, it was because they slept in death.

Treachery had brought her to the lone places. And Ferdinand Gareau was reputed to be a man without honor or mercy.

CHAPTER V.

THE SQUALL HITS HARD.

The Goddess suddenly changed her manner.

"Do you realize," she asked, "that we are both breaking our solemn covenant?"

"A covenant?" Gareau repeated, puzzled.

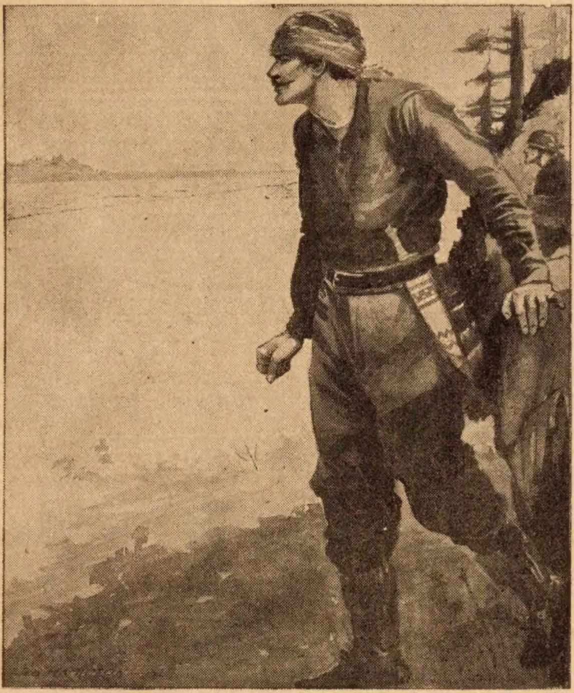
"Did not those who are mighty in the affairs of the Bay Company urge upon us both that, in our journey across the continent, we should never announce our devotion to the H. B. C. and never say a word against the Northwesters? In brief, never admit where our sympathies lay?"

"True, but——"

"But let us keep the faith. It was said to us that we would never know when other ears were drinking in our words. Captain, being diplomatic persons, we will not break our covenant again."

The Goddess was moving toward the camp, and though Gareau was plainly reluctant to go, he accepted her implied will, and as they receded David was left alone.

Questions new and vital pressed upon Reith of the lone-land. The long journey stood revealed in a fresh light. The Goddess was not with friends, but, lured away by some lie and trick, was escorted by her foes. And the haunts of wild beasts and dubious men had closed around her.



The Captain found what he feared.

What did it mean? Who was she? Why was she so important in the affairs of two vast trapping companies? What was to be done with her by her enemies when a certain point was reached? He went to his blanket that night with the problem unsolved.

Morning found a favorable breeze blowing, and Gareau hurried his men. In a short time they were away from camp, the mast was stepped and the sail spread, and they went briskly northward. All day the breeze held, and good progress was made then and part of the day following, so that they finally neared Rabbitt Point with the men at ease and their voices rising in gay chansons.

Winnipeg, however, was brooding its own, and, finally, a sudden roughening of the water caused Gareau to look about him keenly.

"A squall is afoot!" he announced. "Down with sail and mast. Lively, now, my lads!"

Life Hand, often silent for hours, stirred out of her quiet.

"The Wind Wolf lives up here," she said. "When her whelps ride the water, better run from their yelp!"

It was good advice, for hardly had they made ready, when the cry of the wind turned to a shriek, and under its lash the lake leaped as if alive. Waves hit the boat viciously, and though she rode buoyantly, she was tossed roughly by the turbulent drive. It was a scud for something less worrisome, with the fury of nature at their heels.

The Goddess had seen squalls in other waters, and she looked this ebullition in the face with composure. Something like exultation came over her. It was a fight between man and the elements, and she gloried in the struggle. She smiled as she saw the boatmen do their part.

No man who knew Winnipeg smiled then, but the hardy voyageurs set their stout arms and hearts to the work, and carried their craft over the foam-crested waves. Yet, these waves run perilously high, and the boat tossed as if the war back of them was destined to cast all hands down to find the bed of the lake.

"The Wind Wolf rides with her whelps this night!" cried Life Hand in the ear of the Goddess.

The girl turned to look at her. The Indian was immobile of face, but her eyes gleamed brightly and wildly.

"Is there danger?" asked the Goddess.

"The Wind Wolf snaps hard when she can. Dead men lie below us. Who can tell how long we shall live? The pack ride at our heels!"

Voices were heard only with difficulty, and there was nothing in this reply to invite further questioning. The Goddess fell silent, and just then, a wave broke over the boat, and she felt herself waver on the seat, but the bony hand of the woman stretched out, grasped at her and held fast.

The girl laughed no more. She had escaped danger by a narrow margin, and the boat was buffeted harder than ever. She clung to Life Hand and longed for yet other aid. Brave she was, but she did not wish to die under the smiting hand of Winnipeg.

She looked again at her male companions. Next to her sat eight voyageurs who swung their oars with wonderful precision, calm, steady, and awake to every chance. Farther yet was Gareau, cool, eagle-eyed, and firm, in spite of the buffeting to which he was constantly exposed. Mighty warriors against the elements were these nine unshaken men.

Still drove the craft, and, with Gareau, it was becoming a great question as to what sea-room he had ahead. Their bow was toward Fisher River, and it was nearly thirty miles from Rabbitt Point, but many islands lay between, and he could not tell how soon they might find one of the number looming up ahead. It was not his way to pray, but he longed for open water and held the steering oar firmly.

The Goddess found herself growing firmer. The skill of her companions again made her exult in their great struggle. No man lost his grasp on the blades, no man hesitated or quivered weakly in his seat.

The girl turned to Life Hand. The Indian had not relaxed her helpful hold, but she looked only at the leap of the squall. Her eyes still gleamed wildly, but her face was set, grim, and resolute. Her lips moved; the Goddess knew she muttered, but could hear no word. The stubborn face was a consolation to the Goddess. She called loudly voicing her hopes rather than her fears.

"We shall win!"

"There is death where the Wind Wolf rides!" The words snapped from the squaw's lips as if she, too, had wolf blood.

"But we go light and strong."

"So does the Wind Wolf. And hear her song!"

Life Hand was no comforter, but her grasp on her frailer charge did not relax. Fair words she had none, but she spoke in deeds.

Suddenly another voice rose above the shriek of the wind. The Goddess looked toward the stern. Ferdinand Gareau's face had a new expression. He gazed to leeward with expanded eyes. Again he shouted.

"Land! We cannot drive clear. Every man for himself!"

Again the Goddess turned. Dead ahead she saw trees through the white drive. Land she could not discern, but she knew it was there. The trees were scarcely beyond the bow. A great roar was in her ears.

Almost immediately came a shock, a crashing, rending sound, and the girl was cast violently backward. A great wave dashed over her; she was lifted and flung from the boat. She was adrift in seething waters.

Terror seized upon the Goddess. She struggled; she grasped and tried to gain support, but laid hold of nothing but water. Water was everywhere, boiling, foaming, beating and pounding. The girl could see nothing, and dismay tugged at her heartstrings.

Then came a change. Something wrapped around her and held her fast. She felt herself lifted and borne onward by another force. That force was not supreme; she was conscious of many a stagger and lurch, and, in a vague way, she feared fresh calamity.

Then the water ceased to assail her, and as her vision cleared she saw that she was in the arms of a man. He carried her with firm muscles now, for dry land was under his feet. She looked him in the face; she recognized him. It was the voyageur called Jean Huot.

"You are safe!" he said, very quietly. "I am needed elsewhere. Do not go near the water. Keep close to us. Don't wander away!"

He set her upon her feet, and, making an effort, she stood with a fair degree of steadiness. Just then Life Hand staggered out of the foam. Looking back the Indian shook her brown fist mockingly.

"Yelp, Wind Wolf!" she cried. "We have escaped you!"

Every man was safe, but the boat pounded on the shore.

"Save the stuff!" shouted Gareau. "Out with the food and blankets. Get the guns and powder! To work!"

The captain, himself, led the way. The hardy voyageurs plunged back into the foam and regained the boat. Some things had washed loose, and of this number some went adrift hopelessly and others were caught in the turmoil. Then came the fight in the boat, and the smaller articles left there were seized and carried to land. In a short time all these things were removed.

Captain Gareau faced the wreck. He saw the boat alternately lifted and flung down, and knew that it was a hard test of the endurance of the craft, but David Reith noticed that, all matters considered, the leader was surprisingly calm.

"She will pound to pieces!" exclaimed Napoleon Pau.

"Maybe so," agreed Gareau, composedly.

"She got a gash from rock or log when we struck; I heard the bottom give. She must be pounding on that thing now."

"Very likely."

"Shall we not hasten to save the cargo?"

"The devil take the cargo!" cried Gareau, curtly.

The voyageurs looked at him blankly. Surely, the world was upside down when a boat captain scoffed at saving his cargo. Had the squall turned the head of the leader? But, no; he was the calmest man there. He eyed the boat long and earnestly, thought still unconcerned of manner.

"She has got to pound!" he finally announced. "We can't move her to any other place. Even if her weight were less, where is the better place? This is all a seethe of waters. The squall cannot last long. Put every tracking line into use, and hitch her tight to a couple of trees. I think she will make a live of it."

Still the voyageurs looked at him, and at each other. Derg, Pau and Vager, the oldest men of the crew, seemed about to renew arguments relative to the cargo, but Gareau turned away.

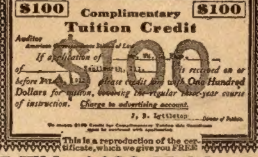
"Tie her fast!" he ordered again, and with this he left them to work alone and joined the Goddess and Life Hand.

"Be composed!" he directed, lightly. "We will make all right. The impression is strong with me that this is Bitter Island, a thirty-acre dot of land, and a good place with its woods to make camp. Thus far practically no rain has fallen with the wind, and we'll have things snug as twin mice. This way, ladies!"

He led, speaking good cheer and bubbling over with high spirits.

In due time shelter was found under a cluster of trees, the fire set alight, the tent pitched, and the stores gathered.

LAW



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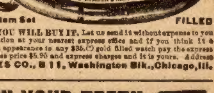

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The Goddess had brought spare clothing, well wrapped in oiled cloth, and when the tent was accessible she was able to discard her wet garments. Half an hour later they were eating supper by the fire. By that time the wind had lulled greatly, the squall having passed by, and it was a place of comfort and many light words.

The Goddess, remembering that Jean Huot had saved her life, had sought for a chance to thank him, but he seemed always busy. When they sat down he was remote, and she deferred her acknowledgments. He had, however, as the saver of her life, become a marked man in her mind. Studying his face, it now occurred to her that he was unlike his fellow voyageurs. Expression, brow, eyes—all told that he was far more intelligent than they. She was rather glad of that—it was not unpleasant to have been saved by a man more than an animal.

After supper came the pipes of tobacco and harouge, but when smoking palled upon them Gareau waved his hand airily.

"Now for music, mes enfants!" he cried. "Sing your bravest chansons. That song of the magic oars and the cleft waters. Ah, you know it well, Solime Vager. Lead on! Sing!"

The voyageurs were not reluctant, and, as one man, they sang of the flight of an imaginary boat, while their own craft lay pounding against the inhospitable shore of Bitter Island. They were still singing, half an hour later, when the bushes rustled at the side of the camp, and Gareau, looking up, had a surprise.

A stranger stood there, a man not of their party. He had approached unseen and unheard, and now he was almost in their circle. Gareau's hand shot to his pistol, and he was about to draw, but the newcomer stood harmless and smiling.

"Gentlemen," he spoke politely, "I give you good evening!"

Everybody stared at him. Even the captain was speechless. Another person was as little to be expected on the island as was a brigade, and they were silenced for the time. The stranger bowed low, and waved a white hand with grace equal to Ferdinand's best effort.

"I trust I don't intrude," he added pleasantly.

Gareau gained his feet quickly. His brows were bent in a scowl, but, with such a pacific example before him, he was not inclined to act with hostile haste. First, flashing a glance to the right and left, he made answer with a measure of civility.

"As to intrusion, we do not own this island. Possibly you do. Possibly you have a house near?"

"Zounds, sir!" cried the newcomer, "I surely wish that I had the house, though as to owning the island—Providence forbid! I do not covet the miserable dot of land. I abhor it!"

He shook his head dolefully and, sighing, added: "Gentlemen, like yourselves, I am a shipwrecked man!"

CHAPTER VI.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY.

The man who thus claimed attention was one manifestly out of place in the wild regions. He was tall, slender, none too compactly built, and surely on the shady side of fifty years. Far from being like men of the fur-land, he was clad in garments that had once been expensive and of fine texture, though now soiled and out of shape. They were the garments of a gentleman in hard luck, and there were more things to place him in that list.

As to the man, himself, he had hair of mingled flax and gray in color, with a long, well-cared-for mustache, and his eyes were mild and very blue. Standing with uncovered head, he revealed a broad, fine forehead, and below it was a face whose every line was in keeping.

It did not need his easy politeness to show that he was one who had mixed in good society, nor any explanation to see that his ways of life had been the reverse of toilsome, while his intelligence was as surely marked. Bareheaded, smiling, courteous, and urbane, he awaited reply to his last words.

"Shipwrecked?" repeated Gareau. "I saw no other boat on the lake."

"Ah! my mishap did not occur today. I wish it had. Sir, consider my plight when I tell you I have been on this beastly island an entire week!"

"Are you Hudson Bay or Northwester?" asked the captain, sharply.

"Neither sir. I am not a fur-trader."

"How came you here? Who should be here but fur-men?"

"Nobody, sir," answered the stranger, a plaintive note in his voice. "Truly, none other should be here, yet here am I. A miserable mistake on my part; yet, had I not been deceived and misused, all would have been well. I planned discreetly—believe me, sir, very discreetly and judiciously—but events over which I had no control unhorsed me and left me a miserable waif of the wilds. You see, sir——"

The mild, melodious, urbane voice suddenly died away. Gareau broke in sharply.

"Who is that sneaking behind you?"

"My servant, sir; none else. Jeremiah, come forth!"

The stranger waved his white hand, and a face whiter yet appeared in the fringe of bushes. Frightened eyes looked upon the members of the party.

"Jeremiah, make haste!" urged the stranger, gently. "We wait, my good fellow. Come, and speak with the gentlemen."

"If—if they would only give a bond under their own hands, duly witnessed and sealed, that they will do us no personal violence, or—or any direct or indirect injury of whatsoever nature——"

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed the stranger. "Say no more, Jeremiah. Come forth with despatch. Sir," and here he turned to Gareau, "this is Jeremiah Green, my body servant—and the only servitor I now afford. I think I forgot to give my own name. It is John Lorrison."

Jeremiah had emerged fully from the bushes. He was a weak-muscled, weak-faced man of middle age, and, just now, he was pale with alarm. Gareau took only one glance at him; one might as well expect trouble from a fly as from Jeremiah.

"Where are the rest of your party?" demanded the captain.

"There is no one else——"

"Do you expect me to believe you two—or any two like you—are in this remote place alone?"

Suspicion and sarcasm flashed from Gareau, but Lorrison was very patient. With his old politeness he responded:

"The question is quite natural, sir. I will explain. I started from Montreal for the Pacific slope, with Jeremiah and a boat with two voyageurs. All went well until, while crossing this lake, a squall rose, beset us, flung us about helplessly, and, finally, cast us ashore here. Some of my things were lost. But let me not repine. What I do feel vexed at is the fact that my voyageurs deserted, took the boat and fled, leaving us marooned on this island."

"Who were your voyageurs?"

"Their names were Narcisse Boyer and Joseph Lalande."

"Why should a man like you take this journey to the Pacific?" demanded Gareau, still suspicious.

Lorrison flushed deeply.

"Because, because——"

"Well, why?" snapped the captain.

The stranger's white hand went to his mouth, fluttered nervously and grew uncertain.

"To be frank," he replied, "I hoped to better my fortunes."

"Oho! and so you are a decayed gentleman—hein?"

Gareau was brutal and sarcastic. He sneered in words, manner and looks.

"If I must admit it, that is true," responded Lorrison, sighing.

"Parbleu!" muttered the captain.

Gareau's better judgment told him that he had expressed himself well, for John Lorrison certainly looked like a man of past leisure now in desperate luck, but memory of the pursuing boat rendered him suspicious. A new idea, too, suddenly took possession of him.

"Where have I seen you before?" he demanded.

"Really, sir, I cannot say," Lorrison replied. "I doubt if we ever met before." His manner was composed as he said it.

"Your face is familiar. Where have you been? Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Red River Settlement?"

"In all these places but the last. I was never there."

The captain shifted his gaze from master to man, and Jeremiah fell back a step, frightened, whereupon Gareau laughed aloud. The timidity of the man amused him and restored his good nature a trifle.

"Monsieur," he pursued, addressing Lorrison, "I beg your pardon for subjecting you to catechism, but in the fur-trade we have ever to be alert. Come closer to the fire and forget your troubles."

The gentleman was about to sit when he remembered something.

"Jeremiah," he said, turning to his servant, "if we are to sit we require our blankets. Pray go for them."

"But—but it is dark!" stammered Jeremiah. "I—somebody might do me harm!"

Gareau broke into a loud laugh. The servant's fear of the dark impressed him as being exceedingly funny, and when the fellow had moved reluctantly away on the errand, the leader's urbanity came to the front. Lorrison had seated himself when Gareau recollected something.

"I am thoughtless," he said. "Mr. Lorrison, permit me to give you the honor of knowing this lady. Mademoiselle Prefontaine, will you condescend?"

Lorrison came to his feet quickly.

"Mademoiselle, your humble servant," he said, bowing low.

"Sir," replied the Goddess, smiling kindly, "I am glad to know you. Also, I console with you over your losses of boat and goods, but I congratulate you on being alive after a fight with the adverse lake winds."

"Believe me, mademoiselle," declared the unfortunate gentleman, "your sympathy overweighs my losses. I thank you!"

"I trust you have not been physically injured?"

"Fortunately, no. My worst problem is that this wreck is not my dream of getting to the Pacific Ocean."

"Will you go with us?"

Gareau asked the question bluntly, though not with good will back of it. Still suspicious, he had set a trap for his guest.

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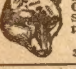

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"I fear I should be a trouble in a crowded boat," was the hesitating reply. "Still, if you are going to the Pacific——"

"Our destination is Port Nelson," interrupted Gareau, falsely.

"Oh! but I do not wish to go to Hudson Bay, sir!"

"What I meant was that perhaps we could land you at some desired place, from which you could proceed when another boat came along."

"I am anxious to get away from this miserable island!" cried Lorrison, vehemently, "and release will earn my great gratitude."

"Of course I'll free you from this island. Now, let us be at ease."

Lorrison told his story. He said he had lived chiefly in Montreal, but had decided to go to the Pacific and engage in business, though what he was to do there had not been decided upon.

The Goddess listened and was deeply sympathetic. Unlike the captain, she did not distrust the stranger, and she read him as one of broken fortunes, incapable of practical effort, proud, polite, and seeking to begin life anew with no capital but feeble hope and no promising experience to back it up. To her he was an adult babe in the wilderness, intelligent, well-bred, honorable, and unfortunate.

Gareau was urbane at all times, but his fair promise was as false as his nature ever was. Whatever Lorrison really was, he did not intend to be burdened with him for even an hour. It was his plan to slip away in the morning and leave master and servant still marooned.

David Reith, listening in silence, had analyzed the situation with more of open attention than the other voyageurs. He could detect the captain's suspicions, and himself remembered the boat that had dogged them, so that he was uncertain just how to class Lorrison.

Something else he had heard. For the first time a name had been given to the Goddess. Mademoiselle Prefontaine! It was radically French, yet he could think of her only as one with good English or Scotch ancestry. The name disappointed him.

After further talk by the fire the party went to their blankets, but after a time David had a dream in which he saw the boat come to grief, so he rose quietly, stole away from the dying blaze, and went to the shore to assure himself that the craft was safe, and still lashed to the trees hard by. He found it there, but he lingered in meditation.

The Wind Wolf had gone to its lair, the sky was clear, and the water was rolling much less than he expected. He was about to turn back, when, a hundred yards distant, he saw a strange boat making away from the island. Startled, he was eying it sharply, when footsteps sounded, and he saw a man moving from the trees toward the camp, his steps slow and cautious. David started.

The man was Lorrison, and he had come from a point on a line with the course of the suspicious boat.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this fine story. You will find it interesting to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

ON THE 'PHONE.

Up to the time that Lillian met the right man she never thought of being sensitive about the procession of lovers she had discarded. However, from that moment she developed a reticence on the subject.

Not that her husband wouldn't understand perfectly, she argued within herself; but to every girl there comes a time when she acknowledges the only one, and prefers to forget that the others ever existed.

If her domestic life was monotonous after she married young Walters and went to live in a city flat she never knew it. Whenever he said at breakfast that the muffins were good that day was perfect.

Then one afternoon the telephone bell rang.

"That you, Lillian?" inquired a masculine voice. "Have you forgotten old friends?"

Young Mrs. Walters' heart gave a queer little jump. Old friends—the good times of girlhood! A wave of memories swept over her. "Of course I haven't!" she declared eagerly. "Who is this?"

He laughed softly. "As if you didn't know!"

She hesitated, trying to think whose voice it was. Such words might have come from any one of a half-dozen former admirers—but that voice?

"It isn't—Dick?" she ventured.

"Why, Lillian!"

Of course! There was no mistaking the reproachful ring of those words.

"Oh, Wallace, how are you?" she called back.

"Wallace! That's a good one. Oh, well; it's all right between you and me. You know well enough who I am."

"I think you might tell me," she protested.

"What's the use, when you know? Lillian, I want to see you, de——"

Was that a "dear" at the end or was it not?

"Can't you come out and dine with us?" she asked in her married tone.

"It would have to be tonight if I did," came the reply.

Lillian's spirit quailed before the thought of a company dinner that day. The weather was unbearably hot, and her husband had agreed to have lemonade and lettuce salad for their evening meal.

"All right; come tonight," she bade her friend, heroically.

"No; I've a better plan. Let's dine downtown in some cool place near a fountain, and then go to the theater. Come on, for old times' sake!"

A delicate flush colored Mrs. Walters' face. Her lips parted—and closed.

"Are you there, Lillian?" the voice called.

"Yes. But—that is—I suppose you mean the three of us?"

Again he laughed softly. "Oh, yes, I suppose so, if we must. I'll call for you at six o'clock—may I? And he'll meet us downtown, perhaps?"

"No; he'll be here at six himself. He's not in his office today, and I don't know how to reach him by telephone."

"I see. I wish I could get out earlier, but I can't. I should like at least a few minutes alone with you."

"Should like," not "would like?" It gave her an idea.

"This is Gordon Fenner!"

"Say, I call that cruel! But never mind, call me any name you like. I'll see you at six. Good-by."

Then came the inexorable click of the receiver in the hook.

For the next few hours young Mrs. Walters was racked by mental chills and fever. Not that her husband would not understand, but well, the idea that she did not know the name of the man whose invitation she had accepted! It was queer, to say the least.

At 5:30 as she was dressing for the evening, a box of long-stemmed roses arrived. On the card, in an unfamiliar scrawl, she read: "To Lillian, with tender memories, from Dick, Wallace, Gordon, etc."

The blood surged up in Mrs. Walters' face. She had never yet had a secret from Philip, but she tore up the card and hid the pieces.

Then Walters came. He listened with an inscrutable expression to her somewhat halting story.

"And he's due here in six minutes?" he said quietly, as he began his own toilet. "What did you say the duffer's name is?"

Mrs. Walters did not hear. "Phil," she added, "these roses came just now from somebody."

"No card?" he asked, carelessly.

Again she failed to hear. Something in the far end of the apartment claimed her attention.

Six o'clock came—6:30—but no old friend.

"Lillian, I've asked you three times what this fellow's name is; and I don't know yet," Walters remarked, as they sat together, dressed and waiting.

At that point Lillian wept.

"I—I didn't want him to send me flowers, at all!" she sobbed, as her husband tried to comfort her.

"Oh, look here—don't spoil your pretty eyes. Hold on. I sent those flowers myself."

"You!" She stared through tears, remembering the card. "I know better, Phil Walters."

"I did, though." A tentative grin spread over his face. The tears had spoiled his joke, and he was not sure what to expect next. "And I marked 'em from Dick, Wallace, Gordon, etc."

"Oh! You horrid, inveterate—Oh! Then you telephoned——"

He nodded, still grinning uneasily. A tragic pause ensued.

"Phil Walters," said his wife, in a low, intense tone. "I shall order the most expensive things on the menu; I—shall have a box seat at the theater; I shall—I shall have an automobile to bring me home!"

* * *

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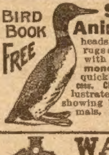

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Laurestine's Reward

Or, Mrs. Vane's Revenge

By Agnes Dorothy Otto

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CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS in vain Gerald pleaded. Laurestine was immovable. "Don't make it so hard for me, Gerald," she implored, piteously. "I thought you would understand."

Gerald did understand, and swore under his breath that he would find her father if he was on the face of the earth. There was no opportunity for further confidences; but before the lovers parted it was agreed that Mrs. Masterson would leave Laurestine at Gerald's office the next day while she shopped. They would talk over a new procedure for worming information from the Wilkes family. There was no sleep for Gerald that night. He sat up and pondered how to open the new campaign.

With assurance of Laurestine's love—and that he need have no fear of a rival—Gerald felt strong enough to move mountains. Then he thought of the mysterious words of the German teacher. He would have staked his life on the sincerity of Mrs. Masterson, but if she wanted to secure Laurestine for her nephew—well, blood is thicker than water. But why not win the girl honestly? Why deceive her by saying that the man she loved did not love her? Gerald was puzzled.

He was glad he had listened to Penton's advice and not taken the woman wholly into his confidence. If she knew that his little Laurestine was penniless, that he had paid for her tuition, aye, even the clothes she wore, Mrs. Masterson would be merciless. Gerald wiped the cold moisture from his brow at the mere thought of what Laurestine would say and do. The child had believed implicity when Penton had told her that Mrs. Wilkes had been made to refund money left by Laurestine's mother.

Would she reproach him for taking her away from honest industry, and teaching her a lot of things which unfitted her for a useful occupation? Then he thought of the little basket-maker, and shuddered as he wondered whether she had forgotten how to make the little trifles. He fancied he was again sitting on the fallen tree and the little girl stood before him jabbing her toe in the earth. The smell of the sweet grass was in his nostrils, and the music of the bees and birds in his ears. He felt the same choking sensation in his throat that he had experienced years before when she told him about the people who bought her wares.

"Oh, Laurestine," he groaned, "it will kill me to lose you now! I have loved you all the time."

The next morning Gerald paced nervously up and down between the two offices. Penton was sitting in his old place on the high stool, and cast furtive glances at his employer.

"Something's up," thought the old man. "He'll tell me when he is ready. Meanwhile, I had better hurry up and get these letters finished. Whatever is on his mind, it is going to take a long time to get it off."

This was no fallacy, for Penton soon learned that he was to pay a visit to Mrs. Stone of Pueblo, Colorado. The old man gave a pleased cackle when Worthing told him, for that had been Penton's advice three years before. When his employer told him his reasons for opening up the case, the old clerk was delighted. But when Gerald explained that now Laurestine had been graduated from school, she would wish to arrange her plans for the future, and would probably want to know the exact amount of her income, and that Penton must be prepared with figures, the old man put his foot down firmly.

"No, sir; no, Mr. Gerald," he said, emphatically. "I cannot deceive her again. You'll have to do it this time. I told her about the old woman turning over the money, and I shall never forget those big, trusting eyes she let loose on me. No, no, sir! Ask me anything in the world but that."

Gerald looked bewildered. "Don't be an old idiot, Penton!" he said, impatiently. "It is much harder for me than it is for you. You don't love her, do you? You are not going to marry her and reproach yourself every time you look into her eyes, are you?"

"But she loves you, Mr. Gerald, and will forgive you if she ever finds out. With me it is different. She will think I'm a base old hypocrite."

"You are paid to be a hypocrite," said Worthing, conclusively.

Penton's eyes dropped and his lips quivered. He was hurt to the quick. It was the first time in twenty-five years he had been reminded that he was only a paid employe.

"Yes, Mr. Gerald, certainly, sir," he replied, drawing down a big book. "About how much is Miss Laurestine's income, and what are the conditions of her mother's will? Yes, sir, I see; the money was left with Mrs. Wilkes to use at her own discretion, and she saved it all for the young girl. To be sure, Mr. Gerald."

There was a quaver in the old man's voice that went to Worthing's heart, but he saw no way out of it. He dared not tell Laurestine a lie. He would make up in some other way to poor old John Penton for his fidelity. In his heart Gerald knew he never could. Later, when he turned Laurestine over to the faithful clerk to have money matters explained, the girl never dreamed of the tumult that was raging in the breast of the mild old man, but she remarked to Gerald that John Penton was aging.

When Laurestine found that her income would allow it, she asked Gerald's permission to accompany Mrs. Masterson to Europe for the vacation. This had been Gerald's wish until doubts of Mrs. Masterson's loyalty to him were aroused. But feeling secure in Laurestine's love, he readily consented. He had implicit faith in his darling's stability. She had a well-regulated mind, and was not susceptible to influences. Her love had inspired a peace passing all understanding.

CHAPTER XIV.

Millicent Phillips had no difficulty in keeping a resolution to sever her friendship with Mrs. Vane. The treacherous woman made it very easy. Millicent had served her purpose, and she was ready to cast her off like an old garment. She hated the lovely girl, and envied her youth and Gerald Worthing's love. She had vowed to be revenged on Gerald because he had spurned her, and she had succeeded.

But though Mrs. Vane had no further use for Millicent, she was by no means through with Gerald. The pitiless woman was resolved to make him suffer until the end. This time it was to be through Laurestine. Stanley Markham was a willing tool in the widow's hands. Through him she learned from the Wilkes that Worthing had appointed himself Laurestine's guardian. Markham was still smarting under Worthing's snub, and vowed vengeance. So the two worthies put their heads together and instigated a search for Laurestine. They tried every means to extract some information from the Wilkes. But the old woman's lips were firmly sealed, and she kept faithful watch over the inert Moses.

Mrs. Wilkes was keen, however, and realized that she might get on the track of Laurestine through these people who had more opportunities than she. When Markham paid his second visit, the artful old woman told him she thought if he cared for the girl it would be time for him to know her antecedents after he had found her. With this they had to be content. Although Gerald took no precautions to conceal Laurestine, even letting her retain her name, strange as it may seem, not one of the three people searching for her were ever able to find a clew until the day before the party were to sail for Europe.

Laurestine had just left Gerald at the little station of the suburb where Mrs. Masterson's academy was situated, and was walking slowly back to the house. She was thinking sadly of the parting with her lover the next day. Two months—it seemed an eternity—and she sighed deeply. Her reverie was interrupted by a passing automobile. She glanced carelessly at the vehicle and noticed that it was a showy affair. Then her eyes encountered those of the machine's occupant.

The girl looked quickly away. Something about the bold stare of the woman repelled her. She had an uncomfortable feeling that somewhere she had seen those piercing eyes before. The car passed on and soon disappeared from view, but it had left a chill in Laurestine's heart that she was unable to account for. The academy was closed for the season. Mrs. Masterson's quarters had been left until the last, and now the servants were putting the covers over the furniture and the large hall was full of trunks, suitcases and bags.

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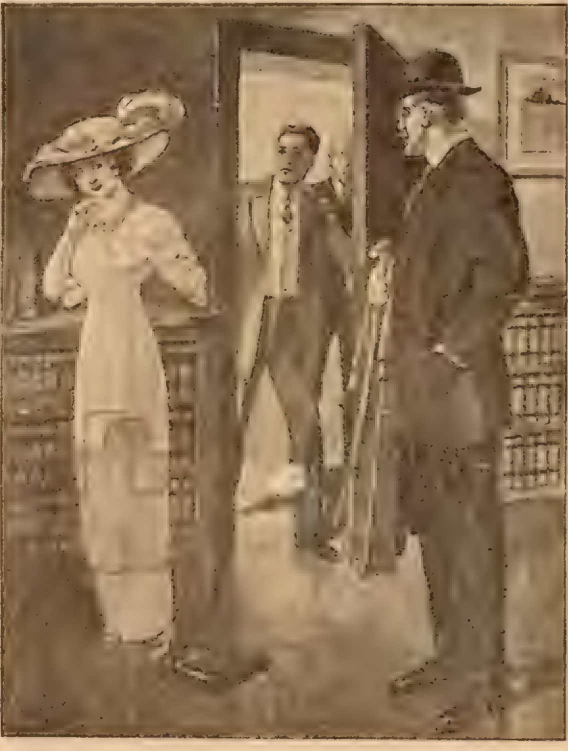

Laurestine confronting Merton Phillips.

Gerald had noticed a lot of men's baggage, and when he learned that young Bob Summers was to be one of the party to Europe, he was reminded of his conversation with the little German teacher on the night of the ball. He had received so many proofs of Laurestine's love in the past two weeks Gerald was almost ashamed to mention what Miss Miller had told him. He believed, however, that forwarned is forearmed, and told her every word.

Laurestine explained it had been intimated that Gerald was engaged to some unknown lady, and Bob Summers had proposed to her soon after. She thought it merely a coincidence. But the teacher's mentioning it certainly seemed strange. Gerald went away feeling perfectly happy that everything had been cleared up between them.

"And darling," he whispered, before stepping on the train, "before you return I will find that truant father of yours, or perish in the attempt."

Laurestine made her preparation with all the enthusiasm of a young girl who makes her first trip to Europe. Day and night, however, she pondered over the strange mystery which surrounded her. That there was a mystery she was convinced. The fruitless search for her parents, and repeated disappointments would have crushed most girls, but not girls like Laurestine. Her love for her lost father was as great, in a way, as her love for Worthing. She never allowed herself to think that her father was dead. Something within her told her that he lived, and that before many months, weeks, perhaps, had passed, she would see him.

As Laurestine closed the last bureau drawer, after making sure that nothing had been forgotten, a maid entered the room and handed her a telegram. Concealing her anxiety as much as possible Laurestine tore open the envelope.

"Take the five-thirty train. I will meet you at Forty-second street. News of your father. Gerald."

Laurestine looked up from the paper. Everything swam before her eyes, the room seemed to be going around, and her heart was beating loud enough, she thought, to be heard in the next room. Through the mist of tears that had [illegible] to her eyes she saw the waiting girl with her hand on the doorknob.

[illegible] she said, and the maid [illegible] Then Laurestine pulled out a [illegible] gold watch, Gerald's present on her graduation day. "Five o'clock. Just in time to get to the station," she whispered happily to herself.

Laurestine hurriedly donned her hat, and picking out a light wrap, threw it over her arm. The afternoon was warm. She then hastened downstairs. Mrs Masterson was out, and Laurestine left the telegram for the principal as the [illegible] way to explain her sudden de[illegible]

[illegible] she stepped from the train at Forty-second street she noticed a man who looked like a chauffeur push his way through the crowd and approach her. "Miss Laurestine Wilkes?" he asked.

For a second the girl wondered how he knew her name, for he was a total stranger. She replied that she was Miss Wilkes, and the man handed her one of Gerald's cards. Written on the back was the following:

"Could not meet you. Would have lost track of your father. The man will tell you where to go. Gerald."

Not a little mystified, but with good faith, Laurestine followed the man. A moment later she was whizzing through crowded Forty-second street. In a few minutes the machine turned up Fifth avenue as far as Seventy-second street. Then it went west again until they came to the river. They almost flew up Riverside Drive, the machine snarling and growling at every obstruction, like an ill-conditioned cur. Somewhere near the Hundreds—Laurestine had lost count of the blocks—the car came to a halt opposite a medium-sized white stone house.

The chauffeur jumped from his seat and opened the door. Laurestine was out of the car in a flash, and hurrying to the house. Before she was halfway up the steps, the door opened, and Laurestine stood face to face with Mrs. Vane. Instantly the piercing eyes of the woman in the automobile which she had seen earlier in the day recurred to Laurestine.

"Welcome to my humble roof, my dear. I see you don't quite remember me, and I never should have known you. How beautiful you are, child. Lots of things have happened since I saw you under that old green umbrella in Pawling's woods. Well, we had other plans for Gerald Worthing at that time; but all's well that ends well."

Mrs. Vane rattled on, while Laurestine tried not to show her dislike for the flippant widow, who was evidently doing her utmost to be agreeable.

"You see," continued Mrs. Vane, "I was fortunate enough to unearth a little information that was only of value to one or two persons." Here she patted Laurestine playfully on the cheek. "Gerald Worthing was one of them. So I promptly communicated with him. As a result, you are here, my unexpected guest."

"Where is Mr. Worthing now?" asked [illegible] quietly. The girl's manner

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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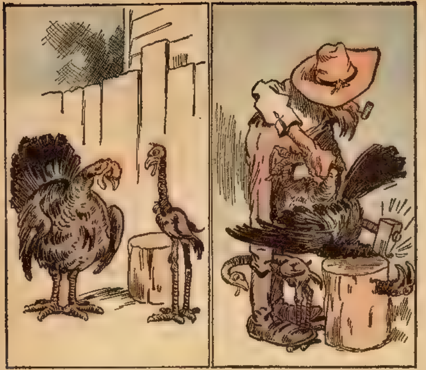


Mr. Turkey—"See here, Mrs. Turkey, you're getting so miserably thin, I'm ashamed of you. You're liable to drop off any time. I think you're going to lose your mind."

Mrs. Turkey—"And I think you've lost yours already."

When They Begin.

Wholesale Merchant—"No use stopping off at Lawnville. That town has been burned to the ground. Not a store left."

Drummer—"You don't say. I hadn't heard about it."

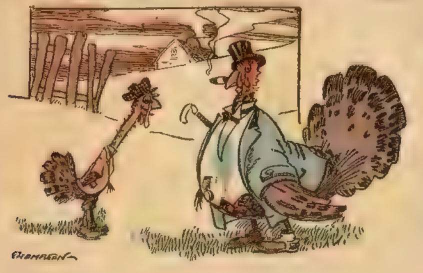
Merchant—"Nor I; but is must be so. I saw an item in the paper today saying that the citizens of Lawnville were talking about organizing a fire department."

Got Things Mixed.

Mr. Suburb—"Well, how are you getting along with my artesian well?"

Contractor (despondently)—"We are down five hundred feet and haven't struck rock yet."

Mr. Suburb—"Rock? Good lands! You've got things mixed. I told you to bore for water, man -water! I don't want a stone quarry."



The Fat One—"Huh! What have you got to be thankful for, you lean, skinny runt?"

The Thin One—"Because I am so blamed lean and skinny. Tomorrow, you fat slob, you'll get the ax'"

Wearing Mourning.

Patron—"Waiter, what is the matter with this establishment? This steak is burnt black."

Waiter—"Yes, sir. Mark of respec', since our head cook died yestiddy."

Not Done Yet.

Hostess (to one of the small guests)—"Now, dear, will you have some bread and butter to finish up with?

Small Guest—"No, thank you, I will have some cake to be going on with"

Loyalty.

The Southern poet had just turned in his daily verses.

"Hold on," cried the editor. "This won't do. 'The pulsing air like a maiden's kiss falls on my ruddy brow' Don't you know the mercury is within three degrees of zero? We don't want any springtime ting-a-lings today. Give us something blizzardy with a chill on it."

The poet drew himself up.

"I am a Southern poet, sir," he said, with simple dignity, "and I cannot consistently lend my pen to the exploitation of Northern institutions."

❧

Catching.

Aunt Jane—"Why, where's Willie?"

Willie's Ma—"He's down in the marsh catching flies."

Aunt Jane—"And where's his father?"

"Down in the marsh catching fish."

"And where's Willie's sister?"

"She's down in marsh catching cold."

❧

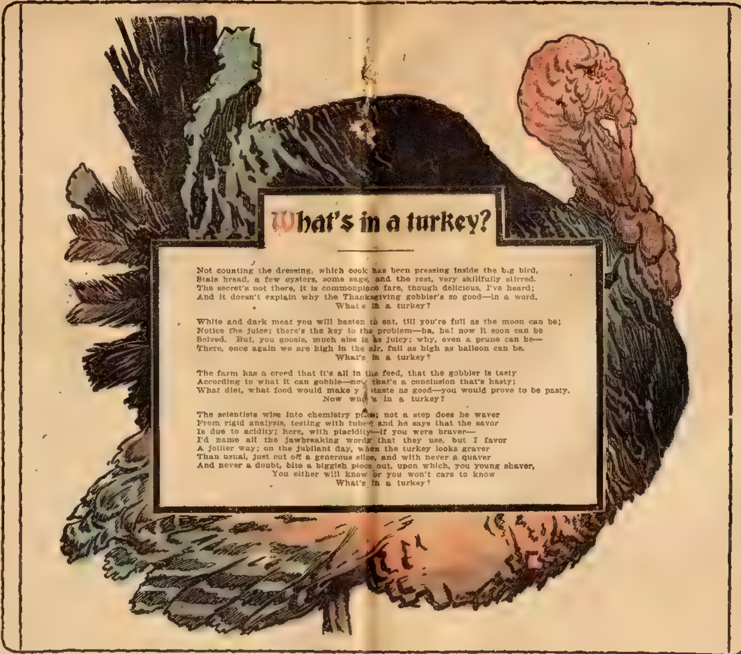
Same Thing.

Joakley—You're right; most people worry over what they haven't got; but I know certain people who worry because of what they have.

Coakley—That so? What have they?

Joakley—Nothing.

❧



What's in a turkey?

Not counting the dressing, which cook has been pressing inside the big bird,
Stale bread, a few oysters, some sage, and the rest, very skillfully stirred.
The secret's not there, it is commonplace fare, though delicious, I've heard;
And it doesn't explain why the Thanksgiving gobbler's so good—in a word,
What's in a turkey?

White and dark meat you will hasten to eat, till you're full as the moon can be;
Notice the juice; there's the key to the problem—ha, ha! now it soon can be
Solved. But, you goosie, much else is as juicy; why, even a prune can be—
There, once again we are high in the air, full as high as balloon can be.
What's in a turkey?

The farm has a creed that it's all in the feed, that the gobbler is tasty
According to what it can gobble—now that's a conclusion that's hasty;
What diet, what food would make you taste as good—you would prove to be pasty.
Now what's in a turkey?

The scientists wise into chemistry pries; not a step does he waver
From rigid analysis, testing with tubes and he says that the savor
Is due to acidity; here, with placidity—if you were braver—
I'd name all the jawbreaking words that they use, but I favor
A jollier way; on the jubilant day, when the turkey looks graver
Than usual, just cut off a generous slice, and with never a quaver
And never a doubt, bite a biggish piece out, upon which, you young shaver,
You either will know or you won't care to know
What's in a turkey?

Generous Boy.

Little Harry's parents always kept a barrel of apples in the cellar. Not long ago they moved next door to an orphans' home. Shortly after moving Harry's mother noticed that the apples disappeared with great rapidity.

"Harry," she asked one morning, "what is going with our apples?"

"Mother," he replied, "I have to eat a great many apples."

"I am willing that you should have all the apples you want. But why do you eat so many lately?"

"Why, I have to eat a great many 'cause the orphans want the cores."—Judge.

❧

The Man and the Bee.

"That get-rich-quick man is as busy as a bee"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "He's one of those busy bees who can't manage to gather honey without incidentally stinging somebody"

His Standing.

"I suppose your boy at college will be home pretty soon?"

"Oh, yes, we had a letter from him today. He's awfully proud of his standing."

"Somewhere near the head of his class, eh?"

"Oh, no, his social standing. He's seventh on the waiting list for the Grease and Gristle Society! What do you think of that?"

❧

Looks That Way.

"I wouldn't want to teach school these days. I watched a school teacher one day not so long ago. She showed one class how to whistle, then she did some rapid-fire crayon work, modeled in clay and played on the violin."

"Well, what about it?

"Seems to me that a girl with all those accomplishments could do better in vaudeville."

With a Bump.

Marks—They say that marriages are made in Heaven. Do you believe it?

Parks—Yes. Anyway, the married couple generally comes down from the clouds after the ceremony.

❧

The Mystery.

Miss Elderby—"Do you really think that women propose?"

Oldbach—"If they don't there are a great many marriages I cannot [illegible]unt for."

Correctly Reported.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was once on an electioneering tour in Ontario, and as the elections were bitterly contested, every effort was made to stir up race and religious prejudice. One day a Quebec Liberal sent this telegram to Sir Wilfrid:

"Report in circulation in this country that your children have not been baptized. Telegraph denial."

To this the premier replied:

"Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children"

❧

Jimmy in Trouble.

As the Sunday School teacher entered her classroom she saw leaving in great haste a little girl and her still smaller brother.

"Mary, Mary, you aren't going away?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Please Mith Anna, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy'th thwallowed hith collection."

His New Job Is Safe.

A man who goes up to Maine each year for the hunting was quite surprised this season upon arriving at the village hotel to find one of the old and best-known guides loafing about idle.

"Well, Lafe," asked the visitor, "don't you guide hunting parties any more?"

"No, I gave it up," slowly answered Lafe. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer?"

"I don't blame you. How do you earn your living now?"

"Guide fishing parties now. So fer nobody ain't mistook me fer a fish."

❧

A Departure Approved.

"I understand your Josh is experimenting on the lines of perpetual motion"

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel "And I feel some encouraged about it. I thought for a while that the only thing Josh was goin' to take in was perpetual rest."

Dead Certain.

"Hello," said the voice of the village joker, at the other end of the line, "is this the Gem pharmacy?"

"It is," answered the busy druggist.

"Do you keep carbolic acid?"

"We do."

"Well, wouldn't that kill you!"

❧

Wasted Worry.

"Much of our worry is useless"

"Yes, it is. I once bought some stock in a rubber grove and worried two winters about frost before I ascertained that the trees hadn't yet been planted."

❧

Choice.

"Don't you feel sometimes like you'd like to be a bird?" said Miss Miami Brown, sentimentally.

"I specks mebbe I wouldn't mind," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley—"if I could be a chicken hawk."

❧

Oh!

"How do you make your living, my lad?"

"Picking up pins, sir."

"Dear me! What an odd occupation. Where?"

"In a bowling alley, sir"

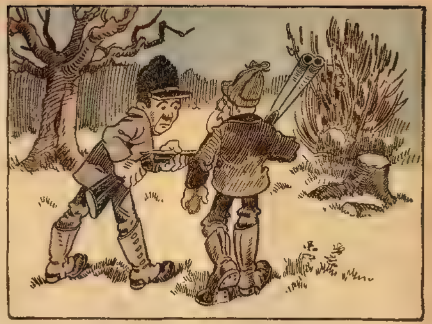
❧

Very Ill.

"We're terribly worried about father."

"Is he ill?"

"Yes, and so ill that everything we do for him is satisfactory"



Cholly—"I'm afraid I have shot a poor guide by mistake for a deer.

Ferdy—"Well, what did you expect to shoot—a United States Senator?"

All the Qualifications.

Among a large number of amusing letters received by David Belasco was the following:

"Veneered Sir: Wishing to go on the stage, would like to join your forces. Have been a bricklayer for five years, but having failed in this branch have decided to take up acting, the same being easier work. I am not young, but six foot in my stocking feet. Have studied elocution and am fond of late hours."

❧

Doubts Raised.

"Your honor," said the attorney, "this man's insanity takes the form of a belief that every one wants to rob him. He won't allow even me, his counsel, to approach him."

"Maybe he's not crazy, after all," murmured the Court in a judicial whisper.

Information for the Home.

Mrs. Binks—"In one part of this paper it says that fresh bread can be cut easily and evenly by heating the knife before using it."

Mr. Binks—"Yes."

"And in another column it says that heating a knife will ruin it."

"Yes."

"How do you explain that?"

"The paper has two editors."

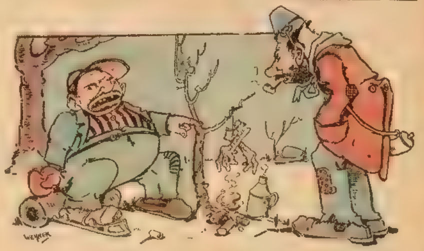
❧

The Worm Turns.

"Sir, do you mind giving me a light?"

"Sir, I do. I seriously object to having my cigar handled by a stranger whose fingers may be of doubtful cleanliness. However, I know it to be the custom. I can't help myself. Here is my cigar. Take it."

And the other man took it.



Lazy Luke—"Kudent I jes help you eat 'bout twelve inches 'o dat Thanksgivin' dinner?"

Rollicking Rolley—"No! Den I'd only have a foot lef fer meself."

Tact.

He (tired of dodging)—"Would you marry a one-eyed man?

She—"Good gracious, no!"

He—"Then let me carry your umbrel-

Sufficient Evidence.

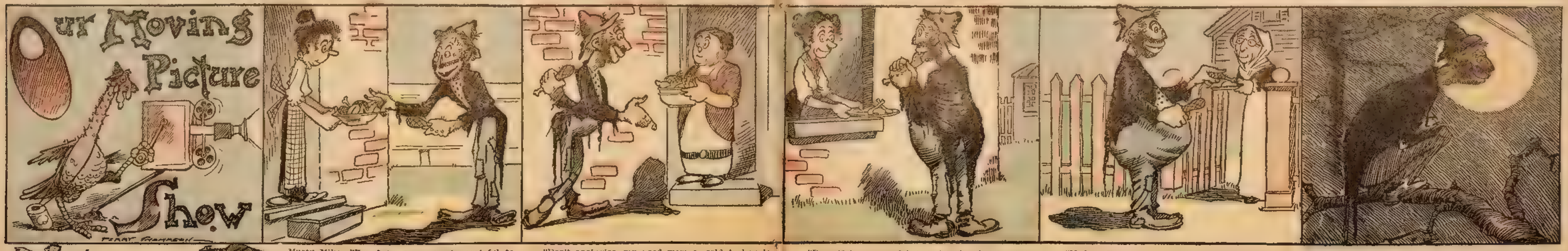
Sambo—"Whar you get dat chicken?"

Mark Anthony—"Nebber you mind 'bout dat chicken. 'Taint yours."

"How you know 'tain't?"

"'Cause I found hit in youah coop."

THE HOBO'S THANKSGIVING.



Musty Mike—"Yes, lady, I am deeply grateful to youse for dis delicious turkey.

"Don't apologize, my good woman, cold turkey is the stuff that hits me right.

"Beautiful creature, I hain t et turkey but fourteen times today, but I'm still on the job. Thank youse!

"Madam, I've got outside of such quantities of the fowl I'm beginning to sprout wings, but I'm still game.

"I've et so much turkey I feel impelled to go to roost as do the other members of the species. Gobble! Gobble!"

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Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 167 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. *(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)*

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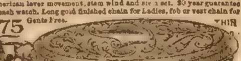

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Laurestine's Reward.

(Continued from page eleven.)

was not lost on Mrs. Vane, but she answered in the same merry tones:

"He will be here any minute. In fact, I thought he would arrive before you. Ah, there he is now," she exclaimed, as the doorbell rang loudly.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded, as a servant entered. "A telegram for me? Oh, oh!" She tore it open hastily and read aloud.

"Impossible to leave here. Bring Laurestine to Pawling on the seven-thirty train tomorrow morning. Have notified Mrs. Masterson that Laurestine will spend the night with you. Worthing."

Mrs. Vane looked up from the paper. "Preposterous," she declared, "to ask any one to get up at such an unchristian hour as seven-thirty! I never heard of such a thing. But, my dear," she broke off, "you are looking actually worried. Well, it won't hurt us I suppose just once."

But the early hour was not distressing Laurestine. In fact, that was her usual time for getting up. The girl was wondering at the extraordinary event that had induced Gerald to take Mrs. Vane into his confidence. They had not mentioned the woman in years, but Laurestine remembered well her lover's aversion to the showy widow. She concluded that Gerald, in his anxiety for information, was using Mrs. Vane as a means to that end.

"What have you been able to discover that is of importance to me?" she asked, looking intently at the other woman.

Mrs. Vane placed a finger on her lips. "There, I have to be mum, my dear. Gerald Worthing wants to break the good news to you himself," she said, laughing lightly. "But come, Laurestine, and take your hat off and we will find some dinner."

As the two women ascended the stairs, Mrs. Vane apologized profusely for the disordered house. "The servants are discharged, and I expect to leave town the day after tomorrow," she explained.

Laurestine took off her things in a handsomely furnished bedroom, and later descended to the diningroom, which was also elaborately appointed. Here the two partook of a well, though plainly prepared dinner, served by the same woman Laurestine had seen on her arrival. Laurestine tried to be interested in the airy subjects introduced by her hostess, but failed completely. The girl was immeasurably relieved when Mrs. Vane said:

"As we are to get up at the appalling hour of half-past six to catch that awful train, we will go to bed early."

Laurestine forgot her manners in her anxiety to get away from the talkative woman. Mrs. Vane gave the girl an airy peck on the cheek.

"Good night, child," she said. "Don't worry about oversleeping. Mary will call you."

Laurestine shivered imperceptibly. As she closed her bedroom door, a creepy feeling, half superstition, half fear, possessed her almost unconsciously. She turned the key, and a long-drawn sigh escaped her. She wondered why it was that she felt frightened and vexed. Were there not happy days before her, to be spent with her dear father and her lover? It must have been the uncomfortable prospect of a journey on the morrow with Mrs. Vane. The thought of that woman marred the joy of seeing her father. It troubled her, and raised a feeling of sorrowful resentment. She went to bed and fell into an uneasy, dreamful sleep.

She dreamed of Gerald. She was being taken from him by resistless force, and she called aloud for him to save her. When the girl awoke her pillow was wet with tears, her heart was beating violently, her whole being trembled with a nameless fear.

When Laurestine entered the diningroom the following morning, she found Mrs. Vane already at the table.

"Am I late?" she asked, seeing her hostess was wearing her hat.

Mrs. Vane avoided the serious, intense look in Laurestine's eyes. "Oh, no, dear! The truth is, I have been sitting up with a friend who is ill. I didn't tell you last night, I was afraid you might feel nervous at being alone in a strange house."

Laurestine made no answer and quietly took her seat at the table. She knew that for some occult reason Mrs. Vane had lied. She distrusted the woman from that moment. But she was willing to conceal her feeling and play her part, if through the agency of the other woman she could learn something about her father. The girl sipped her coffee, but made no attempt at eating.

Mrs. Vane noticed an awakened suspicion, and hurried their departure. Laurestine stood very close to Mrs. Vane a little later, when she was buying the tickets, and was relieved to see "Pawling" printed on the pasteboards. As she followed in line past the ticket-window, Laurestine thrust a slip of paper and a bill into the opening. The look that accompanied the action prevented the agent from calling out to her that the place was not the telegraph office. Without looking back she followed closely at Mrs. Vane's side.

CHAPTER XV.

While Laurestine was speeding along to Pawling, Worthing, his pockets bulging with boxes of candy, a large basket of choice fruit in one hand, and a bouquet in the other, hailed a taxicab, and was driven to the pier he expected the Masterson party to sail from. As he stepped out of the cab, Gerald noticed a sound steamer, and walking down the gang-plank, suitcase in hand, was a man whom Worthing was in no mood to see just then.

"What boat is this?" he inquired of an officer standing by.

"Boston night boat," replied the man.

"Ah, I see I'm at the wrong pier," said Worthing, and hurried back in time to catch the taxi which had brought him down to the waterfront.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Masterson waited impatiently on the pier where the usual bustle of an out-going Atlantic steamer was in progress. She was beginning to think there were some grounds for her nephew's anxieties. Bob Summers had kept his aunt up nearly all night waiting for Laurestine to put in an appearance. Now he was racing frantically up and down, peering into every arriving cab or carriage, his fears increasing with every moment.

Mrs. Masterson was offended. She felt Laurestine's conduct was a reflection on her training, and the good woman felt severely injured. Imagine her surprise when a taxicab drew up and Gerald scrambled out with his hands full of presents for Laurestine, and the young lady nowhere in sight. A few words explained it all. But who had sent the telegram? Worthing's fears knew no bounds. He thought of kidnaping and murder until Mrs. Masterson reminded him that Laurestine hadn't an enemy in the world.

Bob Summers refused to sail while there was any doubt about the girl's safety, and Mrs. Masterson said she could not stand the six days' suspense. As Worthing was hurrying Mrs. Masterson and her baggage back to a cab, he was greeted cordially by Merton Phillips. The two men had not met in over a year.

"You are the very man I want to see," said Mr. Phillips, cheerfully. "I was coming to your office for advice today." But noticing his old friend's evident anxiety he added: "Perhaps you would rather have me wait until tomorrow. I am just seeing Millicent off to Europe on her honeymoon. She has met her master at last—a stern person who worships the hem of her garment, but won't stand any temper," he said, winking slyly at Worthing.

But Gerald was in no mood for jest. He could hear Millicent's name without the quiver of an eyelash. He had other troubles just now, and tore himself away as soon as possible.

"Come tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Phillips," he said. "Excuse my haste—a friend of mine has missed the boat."

With that Gerald gave his office address, told Bob Summers he would let him know as soon as he had anything to communicate, and was driven away. A few moments later he dashed into his office and made a hurried examination of his mail. Lying at the top of the heap of letters was a telegram. With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope.

"Am all right. Come to Pawling at once," he read. The message was signed "Laurestine."

What did it mean. But Worthing was not the kind to waste time wondering when action was necessary. Three hours later than Laurestine he was traveling over the same road on a much better

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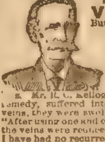

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A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well, either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

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Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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train and gaining on them all the time. He would reach Pawling shortly after her. As the train tore along through villages and woodlands, Gerald sat in bewildered amazement. Who had played this trick, for a trick it must be? What must his darling's anxiety be? How anxiously he strained his eyes to get a glimpse of the stations as they flew by.

Suddenly he sprang up and shook himself, for the train was beginning to slow down. A moment later and they were shooting past the familiar landmarks of Pawling. The train rattled into the station, the trainmen threw open the doors and cried "Pawling."

Some time earlier Laurestine and Mrs. Vane had arrived and were driven by one of the waiting vehicles to the Wilkes' cottage. The journey from New York had been made in comparative silence. Mrs. Vane was tired of keeping up a pretense of friendship she was far from feeling; and Laurestine was afraid of betraying her suspicions. Mrs. Vane read all the way, and the young girl gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

Laurestine felt confident that in some way she was the victim of a plot, but she was not afraid, for something told her she was on the brink of a discovery that would bring her sooner or later to her father.

When they reached the Wilkes' cottage, the old woman met them at the door, surprise and curiosity showing on her florid face. As soon as they were inside, Mrs. Vane asked Laurestine to wait for her, and drew Mrs. Wilkes into the kitchen, closing the door.

As soon as Laurestine's eyes became accustomed to the light, she discovered the old man whom she had always called granddad, curled up in a big chair, staring at her as though she were an apparition. Quickly the girl seized the opportunity.

"Granddad dear," she said coaxingly, showing him a bill. The old man peered cautiously at the amount. If possible his eyes became larger than before. "That is for you, granddad, if you will answer my question truthfully."

The old man's eyes were still glued to the money, and his hand opened and closed, as if he were about to snatch it from her. Laurestine saw the movement and tightened her hold. "Granddad," she said, impressively, "what was my mother's name? Quick, answer me."

"Carmen," he whispered nervously.

"What was my aunt's name, and where did she live?"

"Rhoda Carmen; she lived at Carwin, Massachusetts."

Laurestine held the bill where the old man could see it, her hand trembling violently. "What was my father's name?" Her voice shook pathetically.

"I don't know, and the old woman don't know. Go and see our daughter Emma. She saw him. He came to see your aunt after your mother died. Emma says he was a fine gentleman. He cried to break his heart when your aunt told him that your mother died at your birth. The old woman never believed in your mother, but Emma was a servant in the house for years. My wife took an oath never to tell, but I'm not under oath, neither is Emma. Go and see her," he repeated.

Just as the old man put the bill in his pocket, and Laurestine turned her back to him and looked at a paper, the door opened. Mrs. Vane and Mrs. Wilkes entered.

"Well, Laurestine, I don't suppose you will appreciate the trouble I have taken to return a wayward girl to an anxious, doting grandmother," said Mrs. Vane, without attempting to hide the flash of wickedness distorting her face.

"I should have given you credit for even more discernment," replied Laurestine, coldly.

"I have no doubt that your remark is intended to be very cutting, but let me tell you I am not to be disturbed by anything that an artful, designing girl like you can say. A girl who has carried on the way you have for the past three years is beneath notice. I have taken all this trouble on your grandmother's account entirely."

"You wicked woman," said Laurestine, in shocked tones.

Mrs. Vane laughed maliciously.

"You will do well," she said, insultingly, "to consider an offer I have made to your grandmother. A gentleman of my acquaintance is foolish enough to be in love with you. I believe he would be infatuated enough to marry you, even if I should tell him of your doings for the past three years. Mr. Stanley Markham has sown his wild oats, and is ready to settle down with you as his wife —"

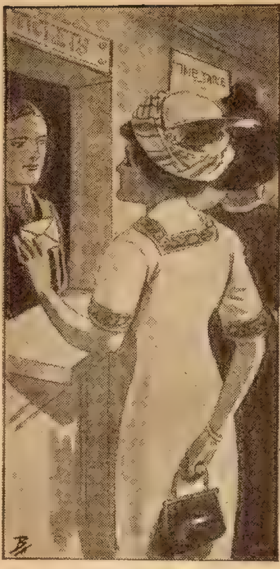
"Stop!" interrupted Laurestine. "How dare you address such words to me? Granddad, make that woman leave the house."

The old man, who had never taken his eyes from the wonderful face of the child he had held on his knee, started to carry out her order. But Mrs. Vane put up her hand.

"Of course, my dear," she said, wickedly, "it was purely an accident that Stanley Markham spent last night at my house, but the world is cruelly suspicious, and Gerald Worthing is a notorious prude."

"You unspeakable woman!" said Laurestine, scornfully. "I will not listen to another word from you."

Mrs. Vane laughed spitefully, and picking up her skirts, swept out of the room.



Laurestine thrust a slip of paper into the opening.

When Laurestine told Gerald later of the last part of Mrs. Vane's speech, he laughed, for well he remembered meeting Stanley Markham getting off the Boston night boat the morning after he was supposed to have stayed at Mrs. Vane's.

Five minutes, later, Gerald, flushed and excited, entered the house. Laurestine rushed to his side. "What does it mean? Why are you here, Laurestine?" he demanded, folding the agitated girl in his arms.

With a stifled sob she hid her face on his bosom, and he in silence stroked her hair, and whispered assurance and unalterable love. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes looked at the handsome couple in silent awe as Gerald turned fiercely upon them. The old woman raised her hand protestingly.

"I had nothing to do with bringing her here," she declared. "Of course, I wanted her back and did everything I could to find her. But Mrs. Vane is responsible for this trick."

Then realizing that the beautiful Laurestine would not make and sell baskets for her, and would be an unprofitable member of her family, she added with a whine, "Of course, I want Laurestine. I love her very dearly, but I won't keep her against her will."

The old woman stopped suddenly. She thought of Rhoda Carmen's face, white and anguished as it was when she saw her on her deathbed. It rose before her now, and she lost her presence of mind. And how often had that face risen in the past few years? At night, when all was still, she saw that face, heard that voice, with its fiercely firm "Swear that he shall never find his child through you." She had kept her vow. Through fear and superstition she had been obedient to her benefactor's dying command.

Worthing thought he observed a softening in the old woman, and took the opportunity to ask for the information she had withheld for so long.

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which she replied: "Mr. Worthing, I dare not."

By this time Laurestine had recovered sufficiently to whisper a few words to her lover, to the effect that she had purchased all the information they could give.

Old Moses had never taken his eyes from Laurestine's face, but sat in speechless wonder at the thought of the little rustic maiden's growth to such a beautiful woman. Laurestine said good-by to the old man, and when they were leaving Mrs. Wilkes followed them to the door.

There was genuine distress and real feeling in her voice as she said: "Laurestine, if you ever feel as if you can forgive me, I hope you will let me know."

There was no anger in Laurestine's voice when she answered: "Granny, you

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All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is intended, as it is not a "cure-all," and I give herewith some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine, and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age, and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 9204 Deagan Building, Chicago, Ill. You promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words, and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known.

You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It stops rheumatic aches and pains immediately. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints quickly straighten out. It reconstructs the blood and nerves so that you soon feel healthier and more vigorous, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day. It does all this, and yet contains nothing injurious and is absolutely vouched for according to law.

Sufferers from these dreadful and dangerous diseases can surely afford to spend a few minutes a day for a few days to demonstrate to their own satisfaction if they are curable, especially when you consider no expense is involved, and I willingly give you my time and my medicine. All any fair-minded afflicted person wants to know is if a certain thing will cure HIM or HER, and here is an opportunity to find out without cost, obligation or important loss of time. THESE FEW DAYS may be the turning point in your life.

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1—Pain in the back.
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8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
9—Swelling in any part of the body.
10—Constipation or liver trouble.
11—Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12—Pain in the hip joint.
13—Pain in the neck or head.
14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
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must ask forgiveness from a higher power for the wrong you have done me."

CHAPTER XVI.

The following day Laurestine and her lover were planning a new campaign for finding the former's father. The prospects were brighter than ever before. They were in Worthing's office, and were about to leave for the little Massachusetts village where the Carmen homestead was situated.

Gerald suddenly remembered his appointment with Merton Phillips.

"Ah," he thought, "I will call him up on the 'phone and postpone his business until my return."

Just then old John Penton surprised them. He had returned from Colorado two days earlier than they expected. The old man had succeeded in getting much the same story from the old servant, Emma, now Mrs. Stone—that Laurestine had obtained from Moses. But the girl shed floods of tears as the old man dwelt on Emma's faith in the fine gentleman who was so broken-hearted to think he had lost his wife and child as well, and the cold, stern old woman who carefully kept the gentleman's name from her servant, but could not prevent her from seeing his kind, good face; and Mrs. Stone assured Penton that if they ever found him, while she never heard his name, she could swear to his face among a thousand others.

Penton never told the way he got the story from the woman; how he brought tears to her eyes with his vivid picture of the lovely Laurestine alone in a cold, hard world, pining for the love of a father, and breaking her heart for a lover whom she refused to marry until she could prove her birth.

Later, as Worthing and Penton were consulting earnestly, Laurestine was waiting in the outer office. They heard a loud exclamation of "Laurestine" and a stifled sob. Worthing flew to the connecting door, followed by Penton. They saw Laurestine standing with dilated eyes and heaving bosom. Confronting her was Merton Phillips. She was the first to speak.

"Who is that gentleman, Gerald?" she asked.

Phillips' head sank on his breast and he was trembling violently.

"That is Mr. Merton Phillips, Laurestine. But why are you both so agitated?" asked Worthing, wonderingly.

At the mention of her name, Phillips started forward. "For the love of Heaven, what is her other name?" he gasped.

Gerald was amazed at his friend's excitement: "Carmen," he said, as calmly as he could.

Phillips with a supreme effort at self-control approached the girl. She took one step forward to meet him "What was your mother's name, my dear?" he asked in trembling accents.

Worthing and Penton looked on as they might at a powerful drama. Laurestine turned her beautiful eyes, full of trust, on the stranger.

"Laurestine Carmen," she said, softly.

"My baby, at last; thank God!" he exclaimed, folding the happy girl to his heart

For a little while every one was hysterically excited. But it took only a few minutes to explain the missing links in Laurestine's history. The reader has known them right along

"So Gerald, my boy, you are going to marry my daughter, after all," said the happy father. "But not yet, my boy. You must let me have her for a little while."

And it was arranged that Laurestine would take her trip to Europe after all, only in company with her beloved father instead of Mrs. Masterson.

Millicent had never heard of her father's second marriage. The thought of a sister brought no happiness to her. She considered the whole thing a lot of sentimental nonsense, and refused to visit her father as long as Laurestine was under his roof. Mrs. Vane heard the story, and almost tore her hair with mortified rage and pain. Soon afterward she married Stanley Markham. That worthy had probably sown so many wild oats he needed some one like Mrs. Vane to help him reap them.

CHAPTER XVII.

Six months have passed, and there is the happy sound of wedding bells in the air. Beverley, the little village on Long Island where Phillips has made his home for nearly twenty years, has heard the wonderful story of his finding a daughter after eighteen years, and is making a holiday of the event. The whole village is celebrating. The paths are carpeted with flowers; streamers and colored bunting flutter everywhere. Every one who has ever exchanged a word with the happy father is in holiday attire. Laughter and good wishes are on every hand. The birds sing it; the brooks babble it; and there are joy and gladness in the very sunshine

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," quotes an old man.

"They'll be happy," declared an aged woman. "They have been lovers since she was knee-high to a grasshopper The wedding is almost over. Look, here they come."

The forest of heads move into two opposite rows, and a line is formed many inches deep in flowers, through which the bride and groom pass amid a mad clash of the happy bells. Such an effort as it is to keep the way clear, everybody is so anxious to breathe their last wishes in the ears of the happy couple.

For a moment Gerald pauses to glance over the enthusiastic crowd. Prominent among the guests are Mrs. Masterson and the little German teacher clinging lovingly to the arm of Bob Summers. Gerald smiles as he understands what a dangerous rival Laurestine has been in the little teacher's eyes

On the outskirts of the crowd are an old couple dressed in dark, somber clothes. They are keen participants in the doings of the day. He has no difficulty in recognizing Moses and Leah Wilkes. Laurestine nestles close to her husband, her sweet face dimpled with smiles and rosy blushes, as she slips into the carriage drawn up at the church gate.

"Long life and everlasting happiness!" cried a voice close beside her. She looks up, and there is Emma Stone leaning on the arm of old John Penton. The carriage moves away, followed by a cheer from the crowd. The bells become ecstatic in their frenzy, and the air pulses with song

The End.

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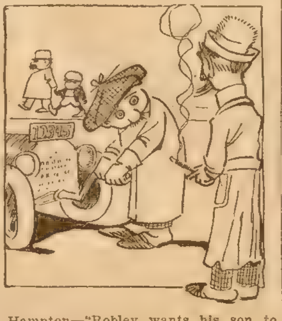

Hampton—"Robley wants his son to follow in his footsteps."

Rhodes—"That's too old fashioned; I want mine to follow in my auto tracks."

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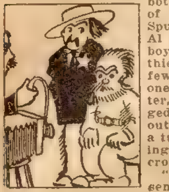
They Looked Cute.

G. A. Jones, who looks after a portion of the Swenson interests in Texas, was bothered by thefts of wood from the Spur range. He sent Al Sullivan, a cowboy, to catch the thieves. Within a few days Al brought one in—an old nester, dirty and ragged, with his toes out of his shoes and a tuft of hair showing through the crown of his hat.



"I don't feel like sending you to jail," said Jones, "but you've got to be punished. So we'll take a photograph of you for the rogue's gallery."

The human scarecrow promised complete reform, and they stood him up and took his picture.

About a week later, still in his rags and with another seven days' dust upon him, he stood beside the rancher's desk.

"What can I do for you?" Jones asked, looking up.

"If you please, Mr. Jones, sir," said the object, "kin you spare me one of them pictures to send to my kinfolks?"

❧

Found at Last.

A woman and her brother lived alone in the Scotch Highlands. She knitted gloves and garments to sell in the Lowland towns. Once when she was starting out to market her wares, her brother said he would go with her and take a dip in the ocean. While the woman was in the town selling her work, Sandy was sporting in the waves. When his sister came down to join him, however, he met her with a wry face. "Oh, Kirstie," he said. "I've lost me weskit." They hunted high and low, but finally as night settled down decided that the waves must have carried it out to sea.

The next year, at about the same season, the two again visited the town. And while Kirstie sold her wool in the town, Sandy splashed about in the brine. When Kirstie joined her brother she found him with a radiant face, and he cried out to her, "Oh, Kirstie, I've found me weskit. 'Twas under me shirt."

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Remarkable Happening.

Ray T. Baker, warden of the Nevada penitentiary, is abolishing with wonderful success all the brutalizing rules of the old-time prison system. Mr. Baker's prisoners lead healthy, industrious lives. They study and they work. And on leaving prison they engage in honest labor.

"Our institution," Mr. Baker said to a reporter, "isn't much like a reformatory I once visited in my youth.

"'A very strange thing happened in this reformatory back in '89,' a warden said to me.

"'Yes? And what was that?' I asked.

"'One of our prisoners,' he replied, 'reformed.'"

❧

Concentrated Friendship.

"Have you no friends to help you?"

"I have some kind friends, but they bunch their gifts. I get five turkeys Thanksgiving, and nothing during the rest of the year."

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Lost His Dog.

Judge T. F. Mason of Chestnut Hill, Loudon County, Virginia, is telling the following story of the workings of the Teutonic mind as exemplified in one of his German-American tenants.

"My beautiful setter, Mistress Fay III., fell ill a few weeks ago and the veterinarian I summoned from Leesburg warned me that the prize winner might have hydrophobia. I determined to take no chances, and started off toward the back of the barn lot with my rifle and Fay, trailing behind, all unmindful of her coming extinction. All at once Adolph Driesenbach, who rents my river farm, saw what was about to happen; climbing the fence, he rushed madly across the field. He was panting when he caught up with me and he spluttered out the following without stopping to catch a breath.

"'Oh! Chudge Mason, don'd kill dot beautiful tawg! Gif her to me. Don'd shood her, Chudge Mason, I beg of you. Ven I was in Deutschland I learnt all aboud ter hydrophobia. Chudge Mason, gif dot tawg to me. I tells you vat I do mit her. I pen her up for nine days und if she don'd got der hydrophobia in nine days she don'd got it nine weeks, und if she don'd got id in nine weeks she don'd got it in nine mont's, und every time I vill pen her up, und if she don'd got it in nine mont's she von't got it in nine years, und by dot time, Chudge Mason, der tam tawg vill be dedt anyhow yet.'

"The second period, nine weeks, has almost expired and Mistress Fay, as bright as a button and as chipper as a pup, is penned up in Adolph's corn crib. I am out one fine 'tawg.' And the veterinarian won't speak to me."

❧

His Deduction.

The old mountaineer, who was standing on the corner of the main street in a certain little Kentucky town, had never seen an automobile. When a good-sized touring car came rushing up the street at about thirty miles an hour and slowed down just enough to take the corner on two wheels, his astonishment was extreme.

The old fellow watched the disappearing car with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then, turning, to a bystander, he remarked solemnly:

"The horses must sho'ly ha' been traveling some when they got loose from that gen'leman's carriage!"

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Kept Her Word.

Senator Root was talking about a certain resourceful corporation. "They can get around anything," he said, a touch of admiration in his voice. "They remind me of a Narragansett girl.

"A Narragansett girl, driving a sixty-horsepower gray roadster, admitted:

"'Yes, I've accepted David.'

"'Why,' said the girl beside her, 'you told me positively that if Dave proposed to you your answer would be a word of two letters.'

"The other girl, blushing a little, said, softly:

"'But I answered Dave in German.'"

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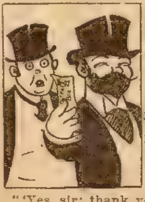
Tit for Tat.

At the recent homeopathic convention at the Delaware Water Gap, Dr. August Korndoerfer Jr., the specialist, told a story about a brother specialist who is an authority on the stomach



"Blank," he said, "was traveling in the West, where they are all great jokers. At a country club a jovial-looking stranger accosted Blank and said.

"'Dr. Blank, I believe?'

"'Yes, sir; thank you.'

"'The great Dr. Blank?'

"'Well, er—I—well, yes, I have been called—er—by that name.'

"'The Dr. Blank who treats stomachs?'

"'Precisely, sir.'

"'Then, Dr. Blank, as it's the luncheon hour and our table d'hote is excellent, I wish you'd treat mine!' said the joker.

"Dr. Blank's veins, as we all know, run rich with generous sporting blood, and he treated the stranger—an amiable western millionaire, as it turned out—to lunch. But he got his revenge. Later on in the afternoon he approached a group of men with a roll of small bills in his hand.

"'Has anybody here,' he said, 'got a ten-spot?'

"The western joker promptly produced a $10 note and handed it to Blank. Blank thanked him, thrust the note into his pocket and turned away.

"'Look here,' said the westerner, 'what did you want that bill for?'

"'What did I want it for?' said Blank blandly. 'Why, for treating your stomach, of course. It's my usual fee.'"

Job Outdone.

Walter Damrosch, at a dinner in New York, was talking about the troubles and trials of orchestral conductors.

"A conductor," he said, "needs the patience, not of Job, but of Liszt. I'll tell you a story about Liszt that my father told me.

"Two men once made a bet that they could make Liszt angry. So they visited his house, found out from his servant that the one thing above all others he insisted on was a well-made bed, and bribed the servant not to make Liszt's bed that night.

"The plot, however, failed. Though Liszt slept badly, and rose haggard and pale, he said nothing.

"So the servant was again bribed not to make the bed, and still Liszt said nothing.

"After the third night's bribery, Liszt summoned the servant and said to her gently:

"'I see you have decided not to make my bed any more. Well, so be it. The thing annoyed me at first, but I am quite used to it now.'"

❧

Advice on Praying.

"Now, Brudder Bogus," a trifle severely, said good old Parson Bagster, addressing a brother who was given to prolonged and stentorian supplications. "I'm fo'ced to remind yo' dat politeness am dess as fittin' in pra'r as it am in de parlor, and dar ain't no call to holler at de Lawd like he was a blind hoss; de Lawd's young yit, sah, and dar ain't noth'n' de matter wid his hearin'. And, ag'in, what counts in pra'r am not length but depth—yo' isn't prayin' dess to 'stablish a long-distance record, and, fuddermo', dar's no needcessity o' tellin' all de news dat's gwine on, uhkaze de Lawd reads de papers. When yo' goes to de Lawd in pra'r don't stay all day, de Lawd, lemme tell yo', allus has bizness on hand, and ain't got no time to visit!"

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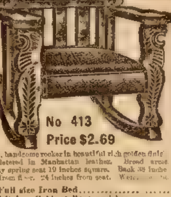

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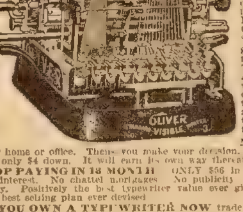

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It is easier to make new laws than to enforce old ones.

Even a blind man may be able to see the point of a joke.

In coming out on top many a man's hair beats him to it.

It is often possible to tell a hard drinker by his mug.

Isn't it queer that only sensible people ever agree with you?

A bad citizen is one whose room is preferable to his company.

The man who speaks from experience leaves a lot of things unsaid.

Ride a hobby if you like, but don't play horse with your friends.

If marriage is a failure, why is the average widow so persistent?

We are all entitled to something in this world, if it's only a lemon.

Many a man would have a bigger bank balance if he had fewer friends.

The good may die young, but the villain is seldom caught until the last act.

A man who talks mean about others to you will talk mean about you to others.

Did it ever occur to you that now is the future you longed for several years ago?

A man's power of diction seldom prevails against his wife's power of contradiction.

It isn't always to a man's credit to have people say his word is as good as his bond.

A man isn't in love with a woman unless she has the power to make him miserable.

We get more fun out of things we spend money on than things we make money out of.

Some men are born trouble seekers. If they can't bump into it any other way they get married.

And if a baseball player has a wife she has a right to expect him to make a home run occasionally.

At the age of 16 a girl's idea of a hero is a youth who couldn't earn $10 a month as a cigarette drummer.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 25 cents per word.

AGENTS WANTED

RELIABLE men—women sell forkola by leaving with each family on trial. Every trial means sale. Profit $2 to $3 daily. Credit given. The Bacorn Co., Elmira, N. Y.

MENDING Tissue; Sheet Blue; Court Plaster, retails dime each. All postpaid 10c. Three dozen 90c. James Moore, Herkimer, New York.

COMBINATION Water and Electricity Bath Apparatus. Good. Electric Bath Co., Findlay, Ohio.

AGENTS to sell to dealers and make 50 per cent on sales; article of merit attractively displayed. Retails at 10 cents; send 5 cents for sample. Rawlings, Box 1053, Central Station, St. Louis, Mo.

PORTRAITS, Medallions, Photo Pillow Tops, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures, etc., at prices below the lowest; guaranteed; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 day's credit; catalogue and samples Free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk R-6, Chicago.

AGENTS—Get particulars of one of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Can make $4,000 yearly. E. M. Feltman, Sales Manager, 6164 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

FREE Pillows with every order. Great proposition. Fine goods. Mail us $10 and we send you new 36-lb. feather bed and give you 6-lb. pair pillows Free. New feathers. Best ticking. Freight prepaid on all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fine chance for agents. Turner & Cornwell, Dep't G, Charlotte, N. C. Reference, Commercial National Bank.

MONEY by Mail. Start a mail order business, or manage an agency for me, printed matter furnished for half the profits. Write for particulars. Hazen A. Horton, Desk 701, Tekonsha, Mich.

$3 00 to $5.00 per day selling our family medicines. We trust you and help you build a business all your own. Free samples. Write today. Ecktone Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE—"Investing For Profit" Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the real earning power of your money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 453, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

WANTED—Agents to sell rich looking imported 36x68 rugs. $1 each. R. H. Carter, Milan, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. His profit $51. You can do as well. Write for sample offer and unique selling plan. Exclusive territory. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

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AGENTS—Make $25 to $100 every week selling sign letters for stores and offices. Success guaranteed. Samples and particulars free Metallic Sign Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—Sell our guaranteed hosiery, sales made easy. Start now to double your income, highest commissions. Write for particulars. Clark Manufacturing Co., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

MEN and Women; Sample Egg Separator for 2c stamp. Sells on sight. 300% profit. Binns Co., Warren St., Columbus, Ohio.

AGENTS—$45.00 a week selling our patented specialties; J. Fortune, 208 East Eleventh Street, Richmond, Virginia.

AGENTS send 10 cents for Celebrated Egg Separator, and Catalogue, kitchen specialties. Englewood Household Specialty Co., 6153 Aberdeen St., Englewood, Ill.

AGENTS—Stop working for others. Send postal today for Money Making Business Propositions. Ward Sales Co., Suite 5, 1923 Madison, Chicago.

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AGENTS—Something New. Sells at sight. Shoe Scraper—Fastens to porch or doorstep. Scrapes bottom and brushes sides of shoe in one operation. Big Fall and Winter seller. Sample 50c. Particulars free. Home Mnfg. Co., Box 73, Big Prairie, O.

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SONG Poems Wanted. New Plan. Big Money. Free Book tells all. Hayworth Music Co., 655 G, Wash., D. C.

EARN your way thru College and learn Stenography, Bookkeeping, Engineering, Drafting, Automobile, Moving Picture, Carpentry, Plastering, Electrician, Painting, Decorating, Plumbing, Piano, Singing. Opportunity comes to each one but once. This is your opportunity. Cut out this adv. mark the study you want and send 25c for full information to Chas. E. Riddel, 2328 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

BIG PROFITS—Open a dyeing and cleaning establishment, little capital needed, we teach by mail. Write for booklet. Ben-Vonde System, Dep't 2-A, Charlotte, N. C.

WE TEACH practical Show Card Lettering by mail; money maker; prospectus free. Address, Thompson School, Pontiac, Michigan.

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$5.00 per 100 cash writing names and addresses. All home work. Supplies Furnished. Stamp brings free proposition. United Advertising Co., Dep't B., LaGrange, Texas.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN Learn Automobile Business. We teach you at home. $25.00 weekly job guaranteed. Earn $10 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, 952, Rochester, N. Y.

I WILL Start You earning $4 daily at home in spare time, silvering mirrors; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dep't 400, Boston, Mass.

$50.00 TO $100.00 A MONTH For your spare time——Experience not needed. Want active man each locality. Benefits for sickness, injury, death. Write quick. I-L-U 765, Covington, Ky.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES can make shields at home; $10 per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dep't 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan

MAKE a comfortable living at home sewing plain seams. Any ordinary sewing machine. All home work. No canvassing. Steady. Sewers wanted in each town. No triflers reply. State how much time can sew. Send ten cents for postage, samples, etc. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers Sewing, "BL" Dep't, Rehoboth, Delaware.

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INTERESTING books and den photos. 50 photos, 10c. Cat. free. Gem 2 Co., Ypsilanti, Mich.

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THE Patentome is interesting and instructive. A liberal education in patents and how to get them. Free on request. Established 1865. Anderson and Son, Patent Solicitors, 713 G St., Washington, D. C.

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SONG Poems Wanted—Publication secured Satisfaction guaranteed. D. E. Stoeckel, Mus. Bac., East Alton, Ill.

BIG Money Writing Songs or Music. Write for Free Booklet, explaining how your work can be arranged, copyrighted and published Free. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Music Publishers, 1611 7th St., Wash., D. C.

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FRUIT LANDS.—To close an estate I am authorized to offer en bloc at a sacrifice 2 4-acre Tracts, 11 5-acre Tracts and one 25-acre Tract improved with dwelling, stable, ice house etc., in South East Kootenay, British Columbia, overlooking the City of Cranbrook, the nearest fruit lands to the great Prairies of Alberta and Saskatchewan. Splendid home market, and high prices for all kinds of vegetables, owing to the lumber and mining industries in the district. Government roads, exceptionally low taxes, pure water and grand climate. Here is a rare chance to move right onto an improved fruit farm and gain a whole season's time, as part of land has been cultivated and buildings erected thereon. Write me at once if you are in a position to take advantage of a bargain on easy terms. J. F. Corrigan, 209 East Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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DRINK HABIT—Guaranteed home treatment three days—lifelong result. The only reliable. Book mailed free. Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth avenue, M 356, New York, N. Y.

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MARRIAGE paper, largest published, with photos pretty girls, mailed free. Ideals, St. Paul, Minn.

FUTURE told, also past. Send 10c and birthdate. Prof. Edwards, 2854 West Madison St., Chicago.

MARRY, thousands wealthy, anxious for early marriage, descriptions free. Confidential, 268 Market St, San Francisco, Calif.

MARRY wealth and beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married. New plan. Ladies send description in first letter. Box 314 D., Kansas City, Mo

MARRY—Many rich, anxious for early marriage; descriptions free, sealed; pay if suited. New System, Box 525 E, Kansas City, Mo

LOVERS' Guide, or An Easy Road to Marriage tells "How to Court a Bashful Girl," "How to Woo an Heiress," "How a Lady Should Manage Her Beau to Make Him Propose Marriage," "How to Catch a Rich Bachelor," "Love Letters," "How to Win the Favor of Ladies," "Wedding Etiquette," &c., &c. All subjects treated in a manner that will be found most helpful to Lovers. This Great Book sent Postpaid for only 10c or 3 for 25c. Teel Book Co., Hurleyville, N. Y.

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Rubbing It In.

Representative Hepburn, in an eloquent address at Clarinda, pointed out the many artistic defects of Washington. In the course of his address, which advocated a Government board of artists for Washington, Mr. Hepburn said:

"Our ugly Capitol is not a fit place for statesmen of learning and culture. It is only fit for backwoods statesmen, coarse railers like Brown and Robinson.

"Brown and Robinson, members of a backwoods Legislature, always mistook abuse for argument. Brown, though, once went too far in a rate bill debate—he actually called Robinson a jackass and a donkey. The House, of course, was at once in an uproar, and the Speaker said:

"The gentleman from the 99th must withdraw that expression."

"'I do,' said Brown, 'but I still maintain that the gentleman from the 5th is out of order.'

"'How am I out of order?' shouted Robinson, still smarting under the names he had been called. 'How am I out of order, sir?'

"'Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you,' Brown replied."

* * *

Hobson's Choice.

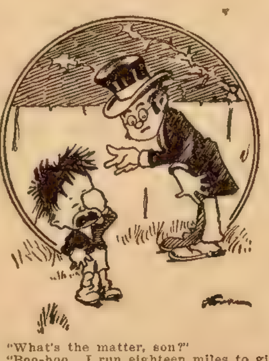
An Eastern man, who was on a business trip through the West, stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the diningroom and was shown to a table by a waiter.

"Will you have some pork and beans, sir?" asked the waiter, as he brought the customary glass of water.

"No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and beans."

"Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter, as he moved away.

* * *



"What's the matter, son?"

"Boo-hoo. I run eighteen miles to git a appetite and now I'm too tired to eat Thanksgiving dinner!"

LIGHT AT 1c PER NIGHT.

The Sunshine Safety Lamp Co., 11 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has a new portable gasoline lamp which gives the most powerful home light in the world—a blessing to every home not equipped with gas or electricity 300 candle power at one cent per night. This remarkable lamp has no wick and no chimney. is absolutely safe and gives such universal satisfaction they are sending it to any person in the U. S. on 15 Days Free Trial. If you want to try it send them your name and address at once.

* * *

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma, in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to any one who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

* * *

$5 WHISKEY FOR ONLY 12C.

Because of a fight which the Mail Order Whiskey Trust is making on him, M. Marcel of 930 Marcel Blk., Kansas City, Mo., has published a book in which he prints the trade formula of the Trust and exposes its secrets, showing that the whiskey they sell for from $3 to $5 per gallon costs only 10c to 12c to make. He sends the book free to all who write for it.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very, small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

It's never too early to mend, either.

Our Boys' Corner

Peter, the Boy Patriot

Or, OUTWITTING CORNWALLIS

By Captain Jack Judson

(Copyright 1912 by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 44, Nov. 2. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

FRYING PAN AND FIRE.

LEFT to himself in the dark with King George, the bulldog, Peter Halket had real cause for alarm. At any moment the gaunt and ferocious animal might launch himself upon him and a battle in the dark could have but one ending. It was impossible for the boy patriot to rest, and he therefore hugged the wall of his prison and waited.

The last sounds in the Tory's house grew still. Nelly, who had spoken outside the barred window, had not returned, and she had gone away before Peter could assure her of his whereabouts. This was no cause for regret on the young prisoner's part, for if Nelly or his other friends should attempt his rescue they might fall victims to the savage teeth of the watchful brute.

At last Peter heard a growl from King George. The huge animal got up and stretched himself, then moved across the floor, uttering noises which told Peter that he had heard something which he would liked to investigate.

Peter, putting out his hand, touched one of the irons that barred the window. His heart gave a great leap in his throat when he discovered that it was loose. What if he could pull it off? The thought thrilled him. With such a weapon in his hands he would be a match for King George, and the next instant he was wrenching the iron with all his might. It yielded sooner and with more ease than he expected, and he stood erect, armed for almost any foe.

Suddenly a movement in his front told him that the dog had returned to duty. Peter leaned forward, as he clutched the iron bar, and tried to single out the four-footed sentry. He moved his weapon slowly across the floor until it touched something which emitted a growl. He had located the dog.

As he recoiled a little he clutched the bar with new resolution, and then raised it above his head. It would be a stroke in the dark, but he had calculated the distance between him and King George, and one even amid gloom could not well miss the mark.

"Here goes!" cried Peter. "It's liberty or death!" and the iron descended in a sweeping motion to crash against flesh and bone.

The blow was followed by a sound between a groan and a yelp, and something seemed to spring into the air and then drop to the floor like a heavy body. For five minutes Peter did not stir. He was in doubt whether Fortune had guided his weapon, but as the seconds waned without an attack he ventured forward.

His foot came in contact with something that yielded to pressure, and, summoning all his courage, he stooped and put out his hand. It touched the sleek coat of the bulldog. There was now no doubt of the result of his blow. King George was dead, and no more would obey the behest of his Tory master. The carcass lay limp at Peter's feet, and when he arose he turned again to the window. Now for freedom!

With the aid of the bar, and making his hands act as eyes, the young rebel attacked the other irons. They yielded one by one, and at last the remaining one was removed. The path to liberty was now open, and Peter lost no time in clearing the scant sill and springing into the starlight. He alighted among some shrubbery and paused for a moment.

Not far away were the lights of town and camp, and he knew that danger still hemmed him round. Out in midstream where the Charon lay, a rocket cut the darkness and spent itself high in the heavens. Almost at the same moment a gun boomed toward the American camp, and a cannon ball hurtled over the roofs of Yorktown.

His escaped could not remain long undiscovered. Martin Bolt was liable to return home at any moment, and the sight of the dead dog would throw him into spasms of rage and the town would forthwith be raked for the slayer of King George.

Peter hastened on, turning from his own home, although he looked in at the window and caught sight of his mother. Naturally the hunt would lead to his house; it would be ransacked for him, and to be found there would imperil his mother's safety, if not cause the destruction of the cause itself. No, he must not go home.

All at once he turned toward the bluffs of the river. More than once he had investigated the caves there, and they were familiar to him. In their depths he might find safety until he could elude his enemies by slipping over into the American camp. The bluffs seemed to welcome him. He dodged along the shore, hearing the waters that played with the pebbles, and now and then listening to sounds in the British camps.

The spot he sought he soon found, a cavern's mouth, and, hesitating not, he sprang into it and felt his way along a corridor of stygian blackness. The cave extended some distance into the bluff, and Peter knew that not very far ahead was a vaulted chamber of ample dimensions, where he and his young companions had passed many hours. He was at the entrance to this chamber when he suddenly paused and held his breath. It was already inhabited. Peter threw himself against the nearest wall and listened.

"I don't like this darkness," said a voice, every word of which fell distinctly upon Peter's ears. "Strike a light, I say, and we'll attack the provision. It was a good haul, and I tell you, comrade, Lord Cornwallis does keep good wine in his chest."

"Yes, yes, Michael. It is as easy to rob a British general as it is to plunder a poor private's cupboard."

A spark shot upward through the gloom; it ignited some tow, and in a second the whole scene was revealed to our young fugitive. Two men were seated on the floor of the underground room. They were rough-looking fellows. Before them lay a basket on the ground, and Peter doubted not it contained the provisions they had filched from Cornwallis' headquarters.

SCOFFERS

Often Make the Staunchest Converts.

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often at the suggestion of a friend, such persons have found that Postum and a friend's advice have been their salvation

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfitted for duty.

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience.

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble.

"However, we finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach which I am now convinced came from coffee.

"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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The sight fascinated the one spectator. As yet he had not been seen, for the men were now intent upon supping, and their fingers were despoiling the basket of its contents.

"I say Michael," cried one of the thieves, "this is fit for a king's table. I——"

He paused abruptly, for at that moment his eyes had alighted upon Peter. The fellow sprang to his feet. Peter stepped from the wall and confronted the scamps.

"It's the Halket boy, Jason!" exclaimed one of the men. "He's the young Rebel who released the prisoners on board the Charon. What is he doing here? I thought they had him cooped up in old Martin Bolt's house."

"So they had," said Peter, with defiance. "But it takes a stronger house than Martin's to keep me captive."

"Oh, you've escaped, then?"

"Yes. I got out awhile ago."

"And they're looking for you?"

"They may be doing that now."

"And the Earl will offer a reward for your recapture. It won't be less than ten guineas."

Here was a new peril. Peter's brain worked rapidly. These rascals, thieves though they were, would not hesitate to throw him back into the hands of his enemies for a reward in British gold, and this even after they had robbed the General's larder.

"I won't give you the trouble to turn me over to Cornwallis," Peter cried. "You can enjoy your stolen feast. Good night."

He turned toward the corridor by which he had gained access to the chamber, but a fierce voice halted him. Peter turned and looked into the muzzle of a pistol gripped by the great yellow hand of one of the looters.

"Not so fast, lad," came over the ferocious-looking firearm. "Don't relieve us of your presence so hastily. You're worth ten guineas or more to us."

"And if Lord Cornwallis discovers who stole his provisions, ten guineas won't save you from the gallows."

"But you see we can trade you for immunity. Stand where you are, boy!"

The fellow got upon his feet, and for an instant the pistol was diverted from its victim. Peter saw this with a start, and then as suddenly acted. He sprang away like a deer. The cavern was filled with a loud report, and something whistled past his head.

"Don't let him get away, Michael! I missed the young fox. Think of the ten guineas!"

There were swift footsteps behind the flying boy, but they only accelerated his speed. Now he was beyond the line of light and running down the dark passage which terminated at the mouth of the cavern. Out into the night leaped the young patriot.

"Out of the frying pan into the fire, perhaps," he said, jocosely, to himself. "At any rate, the rascals behind me won't enjoy their ten guineas."

He ran along the shore, following a narrow footpath, and at last came out upon the outskirts of the village.

"Halt!"

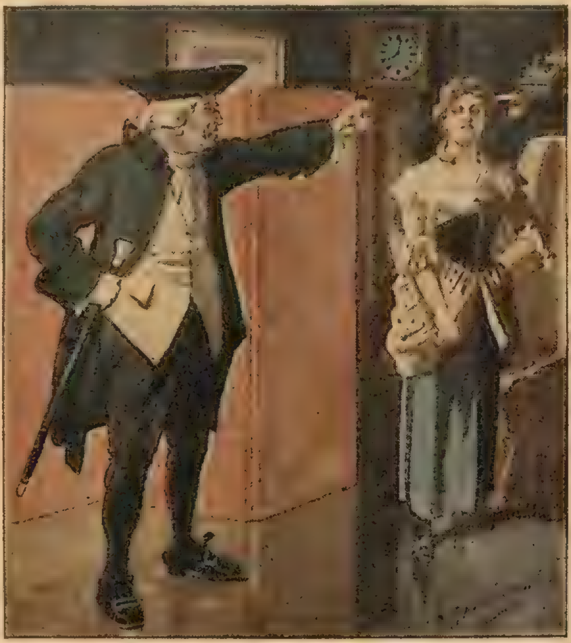
The command went through the boy partisan like a bolt of doom. He had run unperceived upon a sentry, and now saw the giant outlines of the grenadier who had thrust his musket almost into his very face. Here was a new danger. Was he never to get beyond reach of his enemies?

"The countersign," demanded the guard. "Quick! or I'll give you a taste of British steel."

"Yes, yes," responded Peter. "You shall have it, but don't keep your bayonet so near my face."

The soldier lowered the musket and Peter went forward.

"There, that's the countersign, ha, ha!" he laughed, as he suddenly struck up the weapon, and away he went once more, with a discomfited grenadier behind him.



"Out with it!" he roared.

CHAPTER XI.

MUCH BRUIT, LITTLE FRUIT.

One would hardly suppose that so great a general as Lord Cornwallis would turn from the pressing dangers that menaced him from the French and American armies that besieged Yorktown to hunt down a boy. The proclamation which appeared on the walls of the houses the day after Peter's escape caused both excitement and amusement. It ran as follows:

"Forty Guineas Reward—Whereas the commander of His Majesty's army in Virginia has of late been much troubled by a boy spy whose audacity is only equaled by his cleverness—a boy named Peter Halket—and whereas he has for the second time escaped from confinement before he could be properly dealt with, a reward of forty guineas in good and lawful coin is offered for his apprehension, dead or alive. It is the wish of His Majesty's general that the said Peter Halket be taken alive, so that he may be severely punished according to the rules of war; but in case of stubborn resistance on his part, those who apprehend him will be found guiltless of any crime if they are compelled to deliver him dead at these headquarters.
(Signed) "GENERAL CORNWALLIS,
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This manifesto did not long escape the eyes of Nelly Brewster and those of Silas and Roger. They had already learned of Peter's flight from Martin Bolt's house, for the two boys, as we have seen, had discovered King George, the bulldog, dead on the floor through the capture of Simple Danny. Of Peter's adventures after his escape they knew nothing.

"Ha, my pretty one!" exclaimed Gideon Mosket, as he tramped into Nelly's presence the next night, followed by the lumbering figure of the head Tory. "We are fortunate to find you alone."

The girl started and looked into the faces before her, but her composure did not for a moment desert her.

"To what errand am I indebted for this visit?" she quietly asked. "You seldom come to our house, Master Bolt."

Old Martin's face got redder than ever, and he moved uneasily in his tracks.

"I come this time on business," said he, with a little cough. "We are here to ask you tell us what has become of Peter Halket, my late prisoner."

Nelly's eyes got a look of amazement. "Just as if I know!" she responded.

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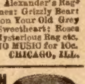

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"Let me tell you that even if his whereabouts were known to me, I should hesitate a long time before turning him over to the enemy."

The two men exchanged rapid glances.

"This is rank treason," cried Martin. "You uphold the boy in his rebellion?"

"You will guard the door, Gideon," commanded the fuming Tory. "I think there is a way of disciplining this fair Rebel."

"Have a care, Master Bolt," admonished Nelly, her eyes flashing with indignation. "I am in my own house."

"We are aware of that," was the response. "We have the proclamation of General Cornwallis for intruding."

"I do not recognize his authority," was the quick retort. "Peter is worth more than forty guineas to the cause he loves."

Gideon, remembering his last reception by the fair Rebel—and there were grease splotches on his clothes to recall that episode—was glad to take up a position near the door and leave real action to his fat companion. Old Martin advanced pompously toward Nelly, who did not permit his movements to escape her. He took out his ponderous watch and laid it on the table.

"We will give you five minutes in which to reveal the whereabouts of the audacious young enemy," said he. "We are not going to quit this house till the information is in our hands."

"Indeed?" cried the girl, with cutting derision. "You are going to obtain from me what I do not know."

"No prevarication, if you please," was the rejoinder. "We shall require of you the information we want, or——"

"Or what, Master Bolt?" put in Nelly, as the Tory paused.

"Or a punishment fit for the refusal," he finished.

Nelly's hand moved unconsciously toward the lamp, whereupon Gideon cried out:

"Look out, Martin. She threw that infamous thing at me, to the ruination of my garments. Don't let her repeat the act at your coat."

The girl laughed in spite of the situation.

"I suppose Master Bolt's coat is worth more than yours, Gideon Mosket," said she. "I have no desire to have him seek his tailor for a new one."

"We're wasting time," growled Martin. "Already two minutes have gone, and but three are left."

"Why don't you shake the truth out of the girl?" exclaimed Gideon, from the door.

"By my troth, I shall unless she opens her mouth!" Martin looked at the watch once more. "We don't want to resort to harsh measures, miss, but stubbornness will have its reward."

"I have answered you," said Nelly. "I do not know what has become of Peter."

"He killed King George, my dog."

"Unfortunately he was but the namesake of the tyrant across the sea."

"You don't know what the dog cost me."

"Less than the forty guineas Lord Cornwallis is to pay you for the recapture of Peter," smiled Nelly.

This taunt sent Martin Bolt into overtowering rage. "Out with it!" he roared, snatching up the watch and transferring it to the pocket in his yellow waistcoat. "Not another minute shall you have."

"Master Bolt, if I knew where Peter is, all the gold in Lord Cornwallis' coffers would be no temptation to me to betray him."

"Hear her!" cried Gideon. "When she is Mistress Mosket her feathers will be clipped in approved style."

"When I am Mrs. Mosket," cried Nelly, turning upon him, "King George will have been an hundred years in his grave!"

"This is infamous!"

"It is defiance without parallel!" exclaimed Gideon.

"I have no more to say," quietly returned the brave girl.

"But we have," retorted Martin. "The boy may at this moment be concealed in this house, and——"

"Search is yours," interrupted Nelly, with a wave of her hand. "I shall be glad to open all doors to you."

The two men looked at each other.

"It's evident he isn't here," Gideon said. "She would not be so obliging if he was concealed in the house."

Nelly's look said "Thank you," but old Martin did not catch the expression. His hand darted forward and caught up the light.

"You shall not treat me as you treated Gideon," he cried, throwing Nelly a triumphant look. "Now, for the last time, where is Peter, the young Rebel?"

"Where he is safe, I trust."

"This is too much!" and Martin sprang toward the girl who drew back and smiled.

At that moment there came to all ears the loud report of a cannon, and a moment later a ball crashed through the window, sending bits of sash in every direction.

"General Washington's compliments," said Nelly, coolly.

The faces of the two cowards were white.

"This is no place for me!" cried Gideon Mosket. "They've got our range——"

"And maybe Peter is behind the cannon," observed Nelly cuttingly.

Gideon threw the door open.

"No haste, Friend Gideon," said Martin. "Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place."

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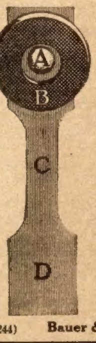

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As if to contradict these words, a second shot penetrated just above the door, and a piece of weatherboarding sent Martin sprawling upon the floor. Gideon was already out of sight, and when Martin scrambled to his feet his face was purple with rage.

"What, are you going, Master Bolt?" said Nelly, in mock disappointment. "I am truly sorry I am not to entertain you longer. Peter will report of his own will erelong."

Old Martin struck the table with his clenched hand and roared out his spleen.

"If I had my way, there'd be swift punishment for Rebel chits like you!" cried he. "I'd wring from you the truth, or——"

"I'll take your word for the balance," was the interruption. "Good night, Master Bolt."

Martin was too mad to reply. He tramped to the door in his passion, and shook his fist in Nelly's face. In another moment his form was out of sight, and the girl laughed as the footfalls of the two Tories died away beyond the house.

"Good riddance!" said a voice, at sound of which the patriot girl started. "Your visitors did not remain long."

"Peter!"

The boy partisan was in the doorway, his face alight with broad humor and his eyes agleam.

"You're back in the lion's den, Peter."

"But the lions have been frightened away by a Rebel cannon," was the reply. "I witnessed the whole interiew, Nelly. You're worth your weight in gold. One must catch his hare before cooking him. I am going to present my compliments to Lord Cornwallis in person——"

"Peter?"

"Yes," continued the boy patriot, "but it will be after the haughty lord has delivered his sword to Washington!" and he doffed his hat and looked the brave American boy he was.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FURLED FLAGS.

Martin Bolt, the Yorktown Tory, sat alone in his house, with a disconsolate look on his face. He was not at his ease, and his eyes roved around the room as he heard the thunder of Washington's guns which were raining shot and shell upon the British.

Suddenly a bright light lit up the surface of the river. The warship Charon was burning, and the lurid glare spread far and wide. The old Tory rose to his feet and went to the door. He was confronted by the scarred face of Gideon Mosket.

"Have all the demons broke loose?" cried Martin. "I never heard such a clattering in all my life."

"I think this is to be the end," replied Gideon, as he entered and flung himself into a chair. "If we had only managed to have caught that boy, I would feel more at ease; but he has given us the slip, and now we can't earn the forty guineas that Cornwallis offers for his arrest. Besides this, as long as he is at liberty I lose chances of making Mistress Brewster my wife."

"Of course I sympathize with you, Gideon, but I would like to have Peter Halket just for a moment. He killed my dog, King George, and I owe him no love for that deed. Think you he is in the village now?"

"I fear he has slipped over to the Rebel camp, Martin. I tell you it is hard to hold an eel," and Gideon broke into a light laugh. "We can't hold out long with such a bombardment."

If the two miscreants could have looked into Washington's lines they would have seen the object of their hatred.

"So you want to fight with us tonight?" said Lafayette, addressing Peter, who stood beside him.

"I do, Marquis," was the reply. "I want to be in at the death on this red fox hunt."

"You shall be granted the honor. We are going to assault the round fort in a few moments."

Peter hurried away and took his place in the ranks.

Not far away rose one of the most important forts in the British lines. It was the key to the position, and Washington had ordered the young Marquis and his gallant men to assault it. The veterans moved silently but with swiftness toward the ramparts, ready to encounter the last enemy on American shores. Peter marched with them, a musket in his sturdy hands and his face flushed with excitement.

"Now!" cried Lafayette, as he placed himself at the head of the line. "Forward, men! Victory is ours if every soldier does his duty."

The next moment a chorus of shouts rent the air, and the Americans rushed forward. A volley told them that their foes were on the alert, but this did not dismay the patriots. On they went, Peter in the first rank, his bayonet as bright as any and his courage strong and true.

He was one of the first to reach the ramparts. A red-coated soldier hurled him back, but he was soon on his feet, fighting fiercely as before, and soon his cheer rose from the top of the ramparts.

"Victory! victory!" he shouted.

It was a desperate hand-to-hand battle between the lines. Three times the Americans were hurled backward, but as often they sprang anew to the charge, for they were fighting in a good cause, and knew that with the defeat of Cornwallis liberty would be established in the Colonies.

"Don't kill that boy!" rang out the voice of a British captain, who caught sight of Peter as he was warding off the blows of several exasperated grenadiers. "He's worth forty guineas in the King's gold."

Peter's musket was knocked from his grasp, and he was pounced upon by the mad men.

"Ha!" cried one of his captors. "We'll march you to the General's headquarters and get the reward. Forty guineas aren't to be thrown aside these times."

The young Rebel struggled in vain. At that moment a lot of Americans saw him in the grip of his enemies and made a rush for him. He was released, recaptured, and rescued again, all in a minute, but at last he jumped to his feet and, snatching a musket, struck right and left with the heroism of a Spartan.

The fort was taken at last, and its defenders found themselves prisoners of war. They were a dejected-looking lot of redcoats, who growled out their displeasure at their captors.

"How about the forty guineas now?" Peter asked a big captain, who was eying him madly. "I think I shall collect them myself."

"Go away!" was the reply. "The noose is waiting for you, my little Rebel."

"It will wait an indefinite time," laughed Peter. "We have the main fort, and soon will have the fox in scarlet."

It was not long before the boy patriot marched into Yorktown at the head of Lafayette's detachment, and his first visit was to Martin Bolt's house."

"Get out of here!" roared the old Tory, at sight of him. "It's a pity I can't turn you over to the tender mercies of King George."

"I'm quite thankful that you can't, Master Bolt," replied Peter. "It was a chance blow in the dark, but good fortune directed my weapon, and King George was put out of the way."

The Tory stamped on the floor in his rage. "What do you want here, anyhow?" he demanded.

"I just called to see how a Tory looks when he is a prisoner."

There was a rush at Peter, but he stood his ground and laughed at his enemy's passion.

"If you want to witness a grand sight, Martin, just follow me. Cornwallis is going to surrender his sword."

"To the Rebel, Washington?"

"Why not?"

"He'll never do that, I tell you."

"But he has signed the terms of surrender, and there's not a British flag afloat in old Yorktown."

"I'll never witness our humiliation," fumed Martin. "Gideon and I are going away."

"If they let Gideon go," put in Peter. "He is a spy, and you know how spies are treated."

Old Martin's face grew white. Peter left him to himself and went off.

It was a beautiful day when the haughty British army marched out and grounded their arms. Peter, with folded arms and a pleased face, stood by and witnessed the ceremony. He heard the British bands play "The World Turned Upside Down," as the enemies of freedom furled their flags and handed them over to the heroic Americans.

When the shades of night descended upon the glorious field, Peter presented himself at the door of the house occupied by Lord Cornwallis. He inquired if he might see the defeated General.

"Walk right in," said the sentry, "but you won't find him in the best of humor."

Into the house walked Peter. Cornwallis looked up and fastened his gaze upon his unexpected visitor.

"What is wanted, boy?" he growled.

Peter doffed his hat, as a smile wreathed his lips. "I have called, your excellency," said he, "to ask if the forty guineas will still be paid for the arrest of one Peter Halket, a young Rebel of Yorktown."

The whole situation seemed to burst suddenly upon the captured General.

"And you are that young scamp?" he cried. "Why, you have a good deal of audacity to present yourself to me."

"We Rebels are all audacious, your excellency," was the reply, as the boy's eyes fairly twinkled. "Forty guineas would more than fix the rent in my coat which I got recently from a British bayonet," and he displayed the rent to the red-faced commander.

"The reward will not be paid," said Cornwallis. "But if I had captured you before the end came, I assure you that it would have been paid with pleasure."

"Thank you, General."

"No thanks, sir!" cried Cornwallis. "A rebellion aided by such young scamps like you is very hard to subdue. I feel like congratulating you, young sir," and with a different look in his eyes he put out his hand, which Peter took with a bow.

"What did he say?" queried Silas and Roger, who had waited for our hero outside the house.

"He was a little nettled at first, but he cooled down. After all, boys, our Lord Cornwallis is a gentleman.

Of course, as every boy knows, the surrender at Yorktown ended the war. From the hour when Cornwallis gave up his sword, the freedom of the Colonies was assured, and never again would a king march his armies up and down this country.

It was a proud day for Peter Halket and his young friends when they saw the British prisoners embark for the North, and the redcoats themselves seemed glad that the war was over.

Gideon Mosket was arrested for being a spy, but he missed the fate he deserved through the generosity of Washington, and old Martin Bolt was permitted to shake the dust of Yorktown from his feet and sail away to England, where he could fawn at the feet of the royal master whom he had served in America.

Peter was complimented by Washington for his service, and Lafayette presented him with a handsome sword; but the best gift he received was the hand of Nelly Brewster, which was bestowed upon him some time after the war. Of course there was an old-fashioned wedding trip on horseback, and the young couple spent a whole day at Mount Vernon, where they were the guests of General Washington and his wife, who vied with each other in their entertainment.

Peter became one of the pillars of the new republic, and for years there hung over his fireplace a paper which was headed: "Forty Guineas Reward!" and he always took pleasure in showing it to his guests.

In next week's Ledger another rattling good Boy Scout story will begin. It is called "Ken Warren, Boy Scout; or Adventures in Alaska." Don't miss it.

The End.

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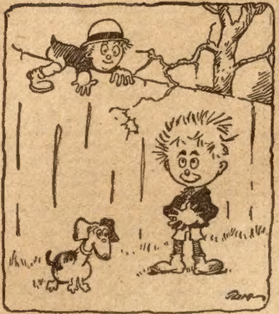


"I wisht at Thanksgiving dinner today dat I was a cow."

"How's dat?"

"Why, ain't a cow got seven stummicks?"

* * *

The Vacant Chair.

"Poor Jim!" said the old man, in a trembling voice, as he dissected the obese turkey, "I had hoped he'd be with us today."

The other members of the family let out a composite sigh, and looked sadly at the vacant chair.

"It's too bad," went on the aged father, "that he had to go South at this time. Just think, he may be eating his Thanksgiving dinner in a railway restaurant!"

* * *

An Excellent Reason.

Thomas, aged 5 years, had been watching the cook preparing the Thanksgiving turkey. Later he said to his mother:

"Mamma, I'd rather be a wild turkey than a tame one, wouldn't you?"

"Why, dear?" she asked.

"Because," rejoined the small philosopher, "a wild turkey can run about on the prairie all his life, and a tame one gets killed every year."

* * *

"Pride Before Destruction."

Turkey—"Hello, old crow, don't you envy me? I am beautiful, plump, live on the fat of the land and am admired by all."

Crow—"That's all very good; but you are not the first one to lose his head for that very reason."—Judge.

* * *

Polite Papa.

"Papa was very polite at dinner," observed small Maggie. "In serving the ladies he said 'dressing,' because they like to dress, but in serving the gentlemen he called it 'stuffing,' because they always want so much to eat."

* * *

He Helped Himself.

Dominie—"I hope that while you were eating that fine Thanksgiving turkey you remembered you were indebted to the Lord for it."

Uncle Rastus—"Dat am so, sah. De Lord helps him dat helps hisself."—Judge.

* * *

Thanksgiving Warning.

Greedy Willie Poppenjay,
At dinner last Thanksgiving Day
Ate a lot—more than his fill—
And later he was very ill.
Children, heed this sage advice—
Ere eating once, please ponder twice.

* * *

Revenge is Sweet.

"Elmer," said his mother at the Thanksgiving dinner, "I'm afraid you are eating too much."

"Can't help it, mamma," replied the little fellow. "This old turkey pecked me once, and here's where I get even."

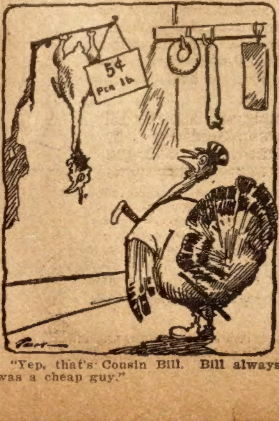
* * *

Should Be Well Informed.

"Is Mrs. Gillet a well-informed woman?"

"Well, she's on a party wire."—Life.

* * *



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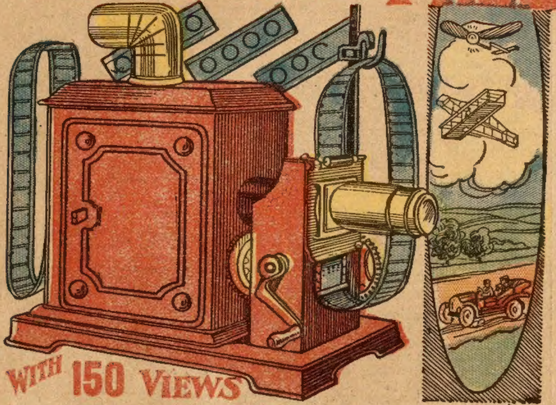
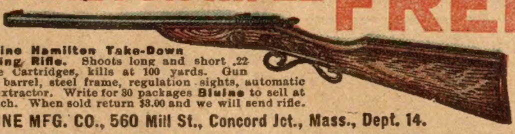


We give **Free** this genuine and marvelous moving picture machine, with 4 fine films having over 150 views, for selling only 24 packages of **Bluine** at 10 cts. each. **This is a great offer.** You can easily earn good money with this splendid outfit, giving shows and charging admission. Every one likes to see moving pictures. Write today for **Bluine.** We send it postpaid. When sold return $2.40 and we will send this moving picture machine and films, having over 150 views, and an **extra premium free** of 25 Admission Tickets and a White Paper Show Screen.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Dept. 55, Concord Jct., Mass.

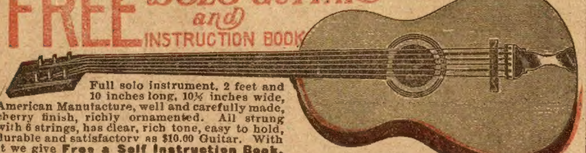
HAMILTON RIFLE FREE



Genuine Hamilton Take-Down Hunting Rifle. Shoots long and short .22 calibre Cartridges, kills at 100 yards. Gun metal barrel, steel frame, regulation sights, automatic shell extractor. Write for 30 packages **Bluine** to sell at 10c. each. When sold return $3.00 and we will send rifle.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass., Dept. 14.

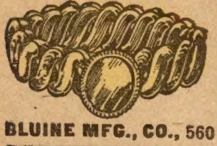
FREE SOLO GUITAR and INSTRUCTION BOOK



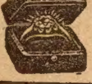
Full solo instrument, 2 feet and 10 inches long, 10½ inches wide, American Manufacture, well and carefully made, cherry finish, richly ornamented. All strung with 6 strings, has clear, rich tone, easy to hold, durable and satisfactory as $10.00 Guitar. With it we give **Free a Self Instruction Book.** Write for 24 packages **Bluine** to sell at 10c. each. When sold return the $2.40 and we will send Guitar and Instruction Book.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass., Dept. 45

SIGNET BRACELET and RING FREE

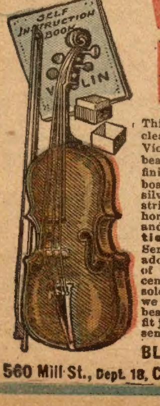


Genuine Gold Plated Signet Bracelet, of handsome pattern in the latest style, fits any arm, richly chased, heavy signet medallion; also a handsome ring set with a sparkling stone. These two beautiful ornaments will delight any one. Both given for selling only 12 packages **Bluine** at 10c. each. Write for **Bluine.**



BLUINE MFG., CO., 560 Mill St., Dept. 15, Concord Jct., Mass.

VIOLIN FREE



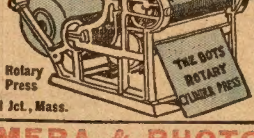
This is a fine, handsome, clear toned, good size Violin of highly polished, beautiful wood, ebony-finished pegs, finger board and tail piece, one silver string, three gut strings, long bow of white horse-hair, box of resin and **Fine Self Instruction Book.**

Send us your name and address for 24 packages of **Bluine** to sell at 10 cents a package. When sold return our $2.40 and we will send you this beautiful Violin and outfit just exactly as represented.

**BLUINE MFG. CO.,
560 Mill St., Dept. 18, Concord Jct., Mass.**

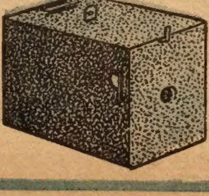
PRINTING PRESS AND OUTFIT FREE

Exactly like this picture. It prints cards and announcements better and faster than any other small press. You can quickly learn to use it and earn money. Outfit includes large font of type, supply of ink, package of cards, large roll of paper, tweezers, bronzing cotton and box of gold bronze. Press and complete outfit given for selling 24 packages of **Bluine** at 10c each. Send your name and address for **Bluine.** When sold send us $2.40 and we will send you Press and complete outfit at once.

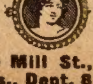

Rotary Press
THE BOYS ROTARY CYLINDER PRESS

Bluine Mfg. Co., 560 Mill St., Dept. 23, Concord Jct., Mass.

CAMERA & PHOTO FRAME FREE

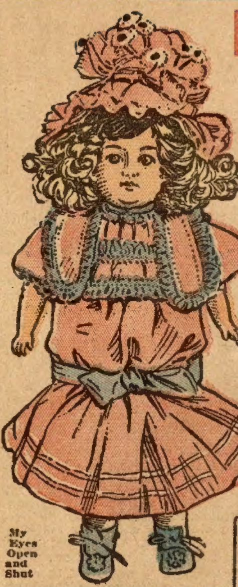


We give Camera, 2 pkg. plates, developing outfit, instructions and handsome photo brooch frame **Free** for selling only 12 packages **Bluine** at 10c each. This is a great offer. You can earn money making photo brooches with this. Write for **Bluine** today. When sold return our $1.20 and we send Camera and Photo Frame.

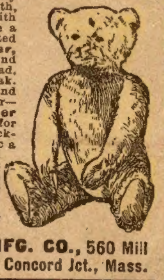


BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass., Dept. 8

BIG DOLL AND PLUSH TEDDY BEAR FREE


My Eyes Open and Shut

Big beauty Doll, handsome dress of satin, lace and ribbon, big hat, lace trimmed underwear, pretty slippers and stockings that take off. Bisque head, full jointed body, lovely complexion, long, silky, curly hair, pearly teeth, eyes that close. With her we give **Free** a genuine imported **Plush Teddy Bear,** movable arms and legs, comical head, and a funny squeak. We give the Doll and Plush Teddy Bear—**the TWO together—both Free,** for selling only 24 packages **Bluine** at 10c a package. You sell only 24 packages **Bluine** at 10c a package and get **both Doll and Teddy Bear.** Write for **Bluine.**

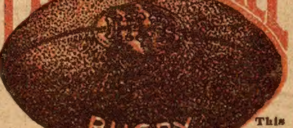


BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Dept. 19. Concord Jct., Mass.

FREE FOOTBALL

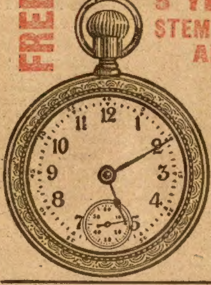
BOYS! Get This Splendid Football

made of leather, strongly sewed, canvas lined, with strong rubber bladder, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. It is given **FREE** for selling 24 packages of **Bluine** at 10c each. We send **Bluine** postpaid. Write for it. When sold send us $2.40 and we send Football and **Extra Premium Free** of latest **Football Coach Book.**

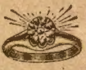


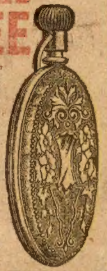
BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Dept. 11, Concord Jct., Mass.

FREE 5 YEAR GUARANTEED STEM WIND WATCH AND RING FREE



American Watch, stem wind, stem set, carefully adjusted, hardened steel cut pinions. **We Guarantee this Watch** for 5 years. Beautiful case of new composition gilt metal, latest discovery in metals, looks just like gold, gives splendid wear. Case is not gold plated, but made of solid gilt metal. With watch we give handsome Ring with sparkling gem, both Watch and Ring given for selling 24 packages **Bluine** at 10c each. Write for **Bluine. We send it postpaid.**





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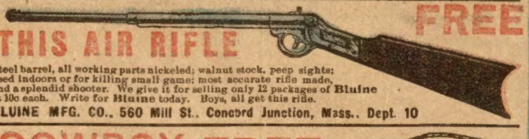
THIS AIR RIFLE FREE

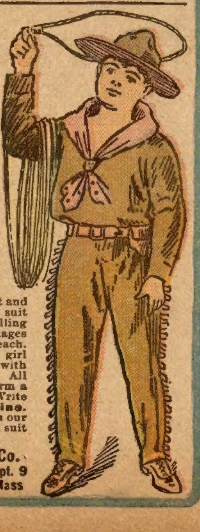


Steel barrel, all working parts nickeled; walnut stock, peep sights; used indoors or for killing small game; most accurate rifle made, and a splendid shooter. We give it for selling only 12 packages of **Bluine** at 10c each. Write for **Bluine** today. Boys, all get this rifle.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 560 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass., Dept. 10

COWBOY OUTFIT.. FREE

Cowboy Suits, genuine cowboy style, firm, strong khaki, long, loose cowboy trousers, real cowboy shirt open at neck, neck handkerchief, wide brimmed slouch hat and lariat. Suits can be slipped on over other clothes. We have cowgirls' suits, waist, skirt and hat. We give a suit complete for selling only 24 packages **Bluine** at 10c each. Every boy and girl will be pleased with these fine suits. All get them and form a cowboy band. Write today for **Bluine.** When sold return our $2.40 and we send suit complete.



**Bluine Mfg. Co.
560 Mill St., Dept. 9
Concord Junct., Mass**